

Vol. IV.

E. F. Beadle, William Adams, Publishers.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, one year ... 3.00.
Two copies, one year ... 5.00.

No. 194.

THE STORY OF A NOBODY.

BY WALLACE PUTNAM REED.

Whenever you meet a "nobody,"
Remember this lesson in verse,
And pity your neighbor, Tom Noddy,
And open your heart and your purse
The fellow was always good-hearted,
And still is untainted by crime,
But virtues, worn out and departed,
Receive the cold shoulder of Time.

Tom Noddy's good parents were clever,
And loved their young hopeful as much
As fathers and mothers do ever,
In Sunday-school stories, and such;
They kept his face clean as a whistle,
But talked of "original sin,"
They never allowed him a pistol—
Not even a plaything of tin.

They told him the world was all hollow,
But questions he must not propound,
Advice they would give him to follow,
Well-tested, and proved to be sound;
But never a dollar for pleasure—
For papers, and pictures and toys—
Such trifles afforded scant measure,
And were the most fleeting of joys.

Tom Noddy attentively listened
To all this oracular stuff,
With eyes of sad wonder that glistened
Like diamonds, just out of the rough;
But when the poor fellow grew older,
And entered the battle of life,
He found his competitors bolder,
And getting the best of the strife.

Endeavor succeeded endeavor,
And followed disaster so fast,
That nothing, no, nothing, could ever
Recover so hopeless a past;
And, on the broad breast of Time's river,
Another fair wreck was to drift,
Without the least struggle or quiver,
Against the strong current so swift.

Such troubles make people demented,
Or drive them at once to the bad,
But those who appear so contented
Are really the cases most sad;
Of such is your neighbor, Tom Noddy—
He knows it, and suffers in shame—
A clever and simple "nobody,"
But who is—oh, who is to blame?

WILMA WILDE,

The Doctor's Ward THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, ADTHOR OF "COEAL AND RUBT," "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,"
"THE CRECLE WIFE," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S
DEGELT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTREES,"
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

INTO THE SHADOW. DYING. Alone except for the elfin-faced girl shrinking back into the shadow, awed by the resence creeping closer as the minutes passed with a greater dread of the hard face outlined against the pillow than she had experienced hitherto, and yet she had never known any thing differing from dread and awe of that hard-featured old man, dying there in the late afternoon of the late October day.

A chill, clouded day, with ghostly lights and shades chasing across the outer landscape already sere with heavy frosts. The chill and the clouds were dissolving together as the hours were on, and a fine mist filled the atmosphere, gathering faster and heavier and break ing with a dash and a burst at last against the dark old house, rattling the windows of the room in which these two waited.

The gray head on the pillow stirred, and two great hollow eyes opened with the vacant stare of half-unconsciousness changing to a vague comprehension as familiar objects about met his

sight.
"What was that?" he asked, in a voice sharp and rasping.
"Rain," the girl answered. "A storm has

been all the day gathering."

'Rain and storm," muttered the dying man, "rain and storm, devastation, ruin, wastegood! Winds blow, lightnings burn, thunders crash; I can die easier with them tearing their way through the world. Curse the world and all in the world, I say!" The vehemence with which the last words were uttered was appalling, considering how close he was upon that verge of the world which breaks into eternity. It was exhaustive as well, and he caught gaspingly for the breath which gurgled through his throat with a harsh rattle. The girl made haste to put a cordial to his lips which he swallowed with an effort. The hollow eyes glared up at her in a way which sent a shiver curdling the blood in her veins.

"You! Why is not Gerrit here? You

know I never want you."

No need to tell her that with all the years of her remembrance passed in the gloomy place, and not one affectionate word which she could recall he had ever addressed to her. She had been an object of aversion to him, banished from his sight sometimes for days together, but always as carefully secluded from contact with that outer world which he was cursing with his dying breath. What a morbidly unhealthy atmosphere for the girl-nature to expand in! One might question if the taint of it would not cling to and corrode the entire afterlife. But this girl carried a pathetic appeal stamped on the thin dark features, and looking out of the big, wistful eyes which must have struck a sadder chord than any the careless worldly heart often responds to, a look which might have struck a chill of apprehension in a generous heart, a foreboding of an unhappy life darkling ahead, a desire to ward off the brooding trouble, what-ever it might be, from that childish figure, timid and shrinking, still and self-contained with the mastery of habitual reserve.

She answered his harsh words quietly. Mrs. Gerrit has gone for the medicine which was ordered. It is so near the doctor's hour I think she must be waiting for him. She had no umbrella, and it is raining fast. Shall I sit by your side?—I will be very quiet."



knows there's no comfort in the sight of you; no comfort that you ever came into life, and less loss than even I shall be when you quit

She drew back a step, clasping her hands, a quick pallor sweeping across her small dark

"Oh, why do you hate me so?" she cried, in a low, breathless way. "Why is there no one in all the world to care for me? Who am I—what am I, that the only being in the world on whom I have any claim can find no comfort that I ever came into life? I must be something to you, or hating me as you do you would not have kept me here. Why am I so kept away from other people; why do you dislike me so, Mr. Gregory; oh, do tell me—why?" A deepening purplish tint was in the harsh face upon the pillow; his labored respiration was shorter and louder. With an effort he raised himself in the bed, stretching out one quivering hand, his difficult articulation intense with a bitterness which burned every cruel word upon the girl's remembrance with an ineffaceable stamp.

"You are nothing to me—nothing! You were cursed before you ever saw the light. If there be any one in all this world upon whom you have any claim, that one of all living mortals has greatest cause for hate and dread of you. If ever you fancy you have found such a one, tear your own heart out rather than attempt to press any such claim, if you would not call other curses upon the hour you were born. Yours is a dead life. If you ever pray for any thing, pray that you may never be the cause of a living death."

He fell back again, pale, trembling, the breath grown faint upon his lips, but this time she did not stir in attempting to revive him. She shrunk back into the deeper shadows, with a dull pain and terror called up by his words the last of which repeated themselves again and again in her mind like some threatening danger which her comprehension could not

grasp. "Yours is a dead life; if you ever pray for any thing, pray that you may never be the cause of a living death." What could that mean? Why, oh, why had she been born at all, since her very existence must be a curse to herself and to any other who might be allied to her What a fate to be hers at the time when other lives would be putting forth their best buds of promise, when they would be blossoming with the hope and happiness which only young lives know! She had drawn close to a window and was pressing her forehead against a pane, with those painfully numbing thoughts stirring within her, the raindrops, now falling heavily without, dashing at intervals against the glass and trickling down before the great, mournful, unheeding eyes. If she observed them at all it may have been with a vague fancy that even the clouds were more blessed than she, since

He turned his head slightly with an impatient they could weep and she could not. She heard the opening door without turning "No, no. Go away out of my sight. God her head, but a moment of silence and an ad-

way. A woman's form was framed in the doorway, which was certainly not the form of Mrs. Gerrit. This shape was tall, and though loosely cloaked, slender and graceful as she could see. cloaked, slender and graceful as she could see.
A falling vail concealed the face, and while she
gazed the form moved swiftly forward across
the floor to the bedside of the dying man. His
eyes went up with a startled light in them to
the growan's eves looking down as she
light eyes swept the room and absorbed the unannounced visitor addressed him.

"I heard that you were dying, and I have come once more to ask for those treasures of mine which you took from me long ago. could have forgiven you all your harshness and all your cruelty more readily than that. They do you come to be here?" have never been any thing to you; they have done you no good; they might be turned to do me harm. For the sake of the tie which shoul have bound us closer once, will you not give them to me now that you are upon your death-

The voice was low, clear and sweet, but of such an even intonation that it seemed incapable of conveying jarring emotions. The harsh, aged, wasted face upon the pillow had changed strangely. Some look had come into it which the girl by the window had never seen there before, and which seemed a struggle even at that time between bitterness and yearning, be

tween upspringing tenderness and hard resolve "I told you before that I had not kept them that they were destroyed years ago," he answered, speaking with difficulty but quite distinctly, while his eyes never wavered from her face.
"You would have kept them and pored over them, and been discovered at last. I was wise in putting it out of your power to bring harm upon yourself."
"You will not give them to me? I thought if

you would ever soften it might be at this hour."
"And you have no pity," he whispered, hoarsely. "It is a mournful, disappointed life which will be ended soon, and its pitiful close does not touch you. Dying alone—as much alone since you have come.

of duty may have prompted, it was a wrong, hard, unsympathetic life from the very first. I can not find fault with myself for having learned my lesson too well. What I am you made me, and I am no more ice or marble—feelingless-now than you were in the days gone by. I have come on a fruitless mission, but I did not come hopeful, and I shall not go despondent."

She turned from him and a bitter spasm convulsed his features, but he made no motion, and in a second more the heavy lids dropped over

vancing step drew her gaze suddenly that, visitor, until in turning she caught a glimpse of the slight figure outlined against the dull gray outer light. At the same instant suppressed sounds became audible from without, a door ppened and shut, and footsteps came nearer

unintelligible words bubbled up to his lips, but the situation presented there with a single without noticing his apparent effort to speak glance. Following him the quiet, elderly person who was the one servant of that dull old house. When the chamber door closed it shut the other two out, and the lady paused to drop her hand upon the girl's should

I am Wilma Wilde, and I live with Mr.

Gregory."
"What are you to him?"

"Nothing, he said. I am nothing to any one in the wide world, so far as I know. 'Not strange since you live here. Yours is not entirely a new experience, Wilma. will be done with you when he is gone?"

"I don't know. I suppose I shall live on here with Mrs. Gerrit.' 'That was she?" with a glance at the closed

Yes.

"And the other?" "Was Dr. Dallas."

"Ah, well, Wilma; some one will probably look out for you. How dusk it is getting here Good-by, child."

She touched her gloved finger-tips to the girl's cheek, but so gently and lingeringly that the touch seemed a caress, then walked the ength of the bare corridor and let herself out into the stormy late afternoon without once glancing back. Wilma followed after slowly, her heart swelling and throbbing from that gentle touch, and stood in the entrance-way watching the shape growing dim in the distance. For a moment the rain had aknost ceased, and through a rift in the clouds a gleam of yellow sunset touched the sere damp earth and illuminated the upright graceful figure— "It is a perverted and willfully wasted life," said the low, steady voice. "Whatever motive may have actuated, or whatever mistaken sense suddenly as it had come, and the swift dusk succeeding blotted the retreating shape from

A dash of mist in her face gave Wilma a chill, and she drew back into the corridor, but held aloof from the room where the dying man lay. Mrs. Gerrit came out presently, taking her way to her own more particular domain, and Wilma crept away to her cheerless chamber, feeling the awful silence of the always silent house too oppressive to be borne.

vulsed his features, but he made no motion, and in a second more the heavy lids dropped over his eyes, dimming already with the dead numbness creeping over him. The presence of the girl in the room had not been observed by the

Dallas waited for the end which his practiced eye detected to be very close. He was watching as well, those keen light eves fixed intently upon the patient's face, shaded also, but less obscured than his own. The short heavy sleep into which the other had fallen passed suddenly as it had come. The hollow eyes opened and the gaunt form on the bed raised itself with a spasmodic effort.
"I must do my work," he said, hoarsely.

"I must do my work," he said, hoarsely.

"Give me something to keep up my strength for a moment—only for a moment." The physician put a draught to his lips, but the effort to swallow convulsed the old man with a painful spasm and he pushed it back with a wild fear coming into his face.

"The little desk there," he whispered, pointing waveringly to the article he wished.

"Quick, bring it!"

It was brought in an instant. His hands

"Quick, bring it!"
It was brought in an instant. His hands fumbling at his breast brought forth a key suspended on a ribbon from his neck, but his trembling fingers refused to fit it to the lock. The doctor's deft ones did, however, but even then the sharp light eyes scarcely left his patient's face. A little box within having neither lock nor key came beneath the fumbling fingers, but he was sinking back, the sustaining gers, but he was sinking back, the sustaining nerve power was almost gone. He realized this with an agony plainly apparent in the hol-

low, imploring eyes.

"Let me—see it—burn; let me—" he gasped brokenly. "My God—quick!" Those light, steady eyes were on him still and the doctor did not move.

"Is there any thing more to be done?" he sked. "Be quick if there is."
"Yes—Wilma. Burn the box—Wilma guardian-

"You want to name me as Wilma's guardian and I am to burn the box. Yes, I see that is it. Is that all?"

Some unintelligible utterances were checked by the death-rattle in the throat; the gray head fell back; a spasm, a groan, and then ut-ter, eternal stillness of the wasted form.

CHAPTER II.

WAS IT WISE? Breakfast was laid in the morning room of

the Richland mansion—one of those modern palaces which lift their stately fronts upon Western avenue in the city of Allegheny. It was a cheery, ruddy room, small rather than the opposite, with a polished black sideboard where silver and crystal threw out cold sparkles vieing with other crystal and silver and delicate porcelain disposed upon the snowy fine damask which draped the round breakfast-

The table was laid for three, and at precisely the second the little marble clock upon the mantel trembled upon the first stroke of nine, the door turned upon its noiseless hinges to admit the first of these. A middle-aged man having a slight tendency toward obesity, with a ruddy, rather heavy countenance shaved per-fectly smooth, bright, calculating eyes under well-arched brows, and brown, short hair brushed smoothly across his heavy forehead. An open, honest countenance was this of the master of the Richland mansion, the face of a man who carried no phases of his life hidden out of sight of the world, one whose self-pride and self-sufficiency were his worst faults.

He stood for a moment rubbing his soft

white hands before the bright blaze glowing in the grate, for this was the first day of November, and though clear there was a wintry chill in the air without, and Mr. Richland clung with the persistency of a fixed affection to cheery open fires. He took out his watch and wound it, glancing up at the little clock whose silvery chime had ceased, and turning to face the door as he returned it to his pocket. was his habitual custom, repeated as often as nine of the morning came around, and varied simply through the different seasons and changes of location. If ever man was rigid in the observance of regular habits, Mr. Richland

was open to the imputation.
"Three minutes past," he said to himself.
"Mrs. Richland is unusually late this morning. Ethel never is very punctual— Ah, good-morning, my dears! I was remarking it that you are almost behind time for an occasion,

Two ladies had entered together, and a servant making an appearance with the coffee, the little party dropped into their places after an exchange of the customary greetings. Mrs. Richland, younger than her husband by a full decade, was tall, with a slender, graceful shape and languid carriage which matched the quiet repose of her striking face. It was an oval face, the skin marble-white and smooth; eves, hair, and lashes, a soft jetty black; the break of color in the firm close lips. If any kindred emotion rivaled Mr. Richland's individual self-sufficiency it was pride of his

wife's beauty and culture.

The other, a girl of eighteen, was his sister.

Also tall, she lacked half a head of Mrs. Richland's hight, and the round supple form may have been a trifle less perfect in its modulations, yet Ethel Richland's was not a beauty to pale even by the side of the other matchless face. Hers was a fair sweet face, framed in by glittering yellow hair confined loosely this morning in a wide-meshed net—the blue cashmere morning robe she wore bringing out the exquisite tints of her fine complexion. Some points of resemblance there were between sister and brother, but so modified that they lay ra-ther in the intangible reminder one sometimes recognizes than in any likeness to be analyzed or defined. A reigning belle of this season scarcely yet opened Miss Richland was, no less so now than when her debut, a year before, had created a furore not often equaled in the highest circles where the Richlands moved. Sitting at his breakfast-table, that bright morning, with the delicate viands for which he had an epicurean taste before him, with the two lovely contrasting faces on either hand, Mr. Richland felt himself a superlatively contented man.
"And now what may be the newest sense

tion?" he asked, as he broke his egg with neat take the precantion to avoid. You have no oustomed to have her wish recognized as law, You are generally ready with a el. Is there a new star disputing budget, Ethel. the horizon with you, or does the reaction be gin with the first outgoing of the time!"
"Nothing of the kind, brother. A dearth of

do you suppose is back in town, who, after a thing which would not forward my happiness, year's absence, is prepared to be lionized and favoritized in the way some of you ladies lavish upon the Beau Brammels of our date? Guess, "I would advise nothing which would not

Really," Mrs. Richland's delicate brows arched in a vainly reflective way. "There are so many late tourists putting in an appearance just now that I can not even hazard a guess." "And you, Ethel; what have you to say in defense of intuition and presentiments? You should surely have been warned by one or the other. It is Hetherville, Erle Hetherville, Gertrude, and there have been sly thrusts made at me already, hints of sackcloth and ashes for us, and wedding favors at no great distance. How is it, Ethel? Have you young people been outreaching our knowledge of this delicate affaire do cour? Now that is hardly generous when so much of it is due to me."

"I assure you, Howard, this is my first inti-mation that Mr. Hetherville had returned. Rumor as usual is far too fast. I thought he was not expected until later in the month? 'Youthful impetuosity, I presume."

Mrs. Richland cast a glance of interest across at her young sister-in-law. The fair face opposite might have caught her own usual expression of repose at that moment, so far was it from telling the tale she half-expected to read there. Ethel's eyes were upon her plate, her hand idly playing with her china cup. Much or little as Erle Hetherville might be to her, she was equal to meeting the announcement of his return with unmoved complacency You have seen him?" Mrs. Richland asked

"Unfortunately, no. He called at the bank, yesterday, after I had left, it appears. Late last night came his note of apology. He is busy with his agent, with a duty trip out of town before he can report here, but will make his own apology in person on the earliest possible

"He will be quite an acquisition, a general

"I have been thinking "-she was addressing her husband again-" if you have no objection, there is a young girl in whom I-have taken rather an interest, whose services might be made available in the house. She is an orphan, quite

without relatives, I believe."
"Certainly, my dear Gertrude, certainly.
You should be assured of my approving any decision of yours, and your generous philan-thropy is a credit which I am proud to ac-knowledge. Any orders of yours I shall be most happy to put into execution.

Fifteen years of wedded life had not tended to make him unobservant of the tender courtesies which too often close with the honey-moon; but society, which ferrets out more of private life than it is always pleasant to find affoat, had long ago tacitly acknowledged that the Richland honeymoon was perennial. Apparently the lady had entertained no doubt of his gracious concurrence

You are very kind, but I will not trouble I meant to have remarked that I was not proposing the girl's coming here in the capacity of a servant. She was a ward of Mr. Gregory
—Matthew Gregory, lately deceased, who resided some miles out on the old Manchester

Ethel, listening with no personal interest in the subject, was surprised at the annoyed, impatient shade sweeping into her brother's face—surprised as well at the doubt and question ing in his eyes as they rested for an instant is sharp scruting upon his wife. Her dark orb met the gaze calmly, and her quiet features were not disturbed by a fluctuation from their habitual repose.

'Very well, Gertrude; do as you think best in every thing, of course. Your judgment is to be trusted, my dear."

It was not often that Mrs. Richland troubled

him for an opinion on such a minor point, and his last words seemed spoken as an intimation that the subject dropped there. She was content to let it be so, with the added observation: "I shall call at your solicitor's during my

drive to-day and leave the matter in his hands be arranged. There may be some legal forms to be observed, though I think not bable. If you care to accompany me, Ethel, you may direct the drive afterward."

Ethel cared sufficiently to signify her acquiescence as they rose from the breakfast-table. "Will you come into the library, if you are at liberty for a moment?" her brother request-"I have a word for your private ear which may as well be said now as at any later time. She cast a quick, apprehensive glance into his face and hesitated with a half-protest.

Now, Howard? Will you not be detained?" "My dear, no; I have fully a half-hour at my disposal. Unless you prefer another time, in which case I can defer to you."

She made a gesture of dissent and followed

him, a quiver of nervousness upon her, a certain intuition of what manner of interview his

"I think you must know what there is to be said, Ethel. You know what Erle Hetherville's coming must mean for you. Let me be the first to give you congratulation of the fair pros-pect which will be speedily yours. I don't know another man to whom I could resign you

'But there need be no haste," she protested. "There is no question of resigning me vet, Howard. I hope you are not wishing to do

Only for your own sake. It is my desire and my advice that this marriage which has been in contemplation so long, shall be consummated at the time first named, and that time is nearly here. You are eighteen, Erle is six years your senior, and your betrothal has been of just that length of duration. My courtship occupied just six weeks, and it is by the light of my own experience that I would urge you to flitter away none of the coming years that will be brighter for being shared together."

Holding his head crect, and with the glow of earnestness shining in his honest face, one could comprehend how the man's heart spoke in his words, and what a wealth of peaceful content his own life embraced.

"Erle will come expecting it," he continued after a moment, during which she had not made "I wanted to urge you to let no coy spirit interfere with whatever proposal he may make. There could be no more perfect fitness of things than is exemplified in the case of you two. I believe if any other union in the world can be blissfully complete as mine has proved yours will be that one. Young and naturally adapted to each other, no circumstance has on wanting to perfect the mutual attraction nothing will be lacking to make it complete to othe end. One possible flaw which I warrant tains to turn disobliging." The trifle of imyou two have never considered at all, I shall periousness was that of the belle who was aclittle cross, perhaps that same doubt of herself. "Some other visitor, perhaps. I had not the

thing in your own right, my dear Ethel, but Hetherville's bride will have a dower of which she need not be ashamed. There, not a glance of appeal was all sweet and shy and woword! it is my privilege to do that much for manly, irresistible to him as the soft light of you, since my little sister was left to fill the those hazel eyes had been to others many and news perhaps, since I do not recall an item of late intelligence. There will be plenty with next week and the Latham opening."

"Then, for once, fashionable intelligence is behind the times, or one of the pet votaries has dropped voluntarily into our groove. Who do you suppose is back in town who often.

"I would advise nothing which would not insure it, Ethel. You don't mean, though"—with a wave of doubt and apprehension struggling into his face—"you surely can't mean—" of bright hair clinging to the temples—a picture which was dissipated as a hand descended by no means lightly upon his shoulder.

"I can avoid it, dear brother. I scarcely know what I do mean, except that I am not quite sure of myself or of Erie. I may become so—skylarking perhaps, but not precisely the occu-

who knows ?-when I have seen him again. "I think I may be sure of you," Mr. Richland said, with a fond glance down into the fair, wistful face. "A girl's natural shyness, him so unceremoniously. that is all.

Was it all, oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own way as you may have been, but blinded by your own light of fancied secure content! A small sketch-portfolio lay upon the table

by which Ethel was standing, and she turned the loose leaves absently after he had left her, a far away look in the soft hazel eyes, a closer setting than was habitual to the red lips. One of the leaves fluttered from beneath her hand to the floor. It was the merest outline of a sketch, a masculine head in profile, carefully begun it would appear-a fine, firm outline of feature, bold and clear as seen in even that unfinished penciling. She stooped to raise it after one glance swiftly averted, and, crossing to the hearth, paused there, the bit of paper held loosely in her fingers, undecided and wavering

for a moment.

Was it only girlish shyness that caused her to shrink at thought of Erie Hetherville, then? Oh, Howard Richland, wise in your own belief, generous in your own inflexible way, was it wise and generous of you to prevail upon a child's unreasoning assurance and unthinking consent to your mapping out of the most important step of her life? But she had consented, she was Erle Hetherville's promised wife, favorite of a year ago, as you recall. Have you and Erle Hetherville was doubtless here to any plans for to-day, Ethel?" chaim the fulfillment of that standing promise. The indecision and the wavering seemed to pass; the paper held so loosely dropped without any apparent effort from her into the grate, where a low fire smoldered.

A few hours later the two ladies settled back amid the azure cushions of a barouche, enjoyed the fresh air and mellow sunshine of the bright

fall day.
"Will you wait?" Mrs. Richland asked, as, obedient to her order, the carriage was brought or less, perhaps. "I shall wait here then, of course. Take

your own time, Gertrude."

Ethel could not have told whether it was five minutes merely or five times five that passed before her sister-in-law's return. She had fall-en into a reverie with the sounds of the street unheeded about her when Mrs. Richland's voice

spoke at her side. "I was longer than I intended, but I think I shall not need to plead an excuse. I am fortunate in chancing upon an old friend of ours. Miss Richland, there is certainly not a possi-

billty of your having forgotten Mr. Lenoir."
Ethel lifted her eyes with the slightest start, a light of surprise in their hazel depths, a soft glow coming into her cheeks as she saw in the face before her the original of that imperfect sketch which crisped on the library coals so few hours ago.

CHAPTER III.

AFTERNOON AT THE RICHLANDS.

"MISS RICHLAND may not have estimated the number of weeks since we clambered over the mountain hights together, but I trust to her leniency to spare me the pain of utter forget-

"I should be sorry to claim a memory so short-reaching as that, and this meeting is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Lenoir. And you are looking better for those wild scrambles over the rough roads, or is it the time since has lent the improvement of that bronze and health tinge? She leaned forward to give him her slim,

gloved hand, and a bright smile, which second ed the pleasure she had expressed.

The entire time, I think; I am only back from the country these past two days. saw me first in my most spectral gauntness after a hard season of hard work and a siege of fever to follow it. I am my natural self again, thoroughly rejuvenated. To drop self, are you finding it very dull in the semi-unsettled state which prevails until the season is fairly ushered

"We possess that happy faculty of seldom admitting dullness. I think Howard is careful to leave no room in the household for that per-verter of all natures."

To guard still further against the chance, can we not prevail upon you to favor us with your companionship for the rest of the day? We are two lonely females, drifting without aim or object just now, and it will be a pleasure to dispense with formalities by introducing you direct to our place upon Western avenue. surely can not refuse to return and dine with us, Mr. Lenoir?" Mrs. Richland's invitation was cordially given, but it is to be questioned if Ethel's smile and glance did not weigh most in the scale where his momentary indecision balanced. She almost doubted if it had been indecision he was so positive, despite the un-

mistakable regret of his response.

"Impossible opportunities are always doubly enticing, I think. This one is too brilliant to brilliant and promising young journalist of the enticing, I think. This one is too brilliant to brilliant and promising young journalist of the enticing, I think. This one is too brilliant to brilliant and promising young journalist of the times; a silence which Ethel broke by rising will pardon the necessity which demands my declining your kindness with warmest thanks. I am back to duty again on the editorial staff of one of our dailies; I have cultivated the habit of reading my own proofs, and am satisfied there are some at this moment awaiting my attention. After a season of unwonted pleasuring I must pin close to my post for a

"Let us see, then, if we can not effect a comexpectations for the afternoon. Suppose we call for you an hour or two from this? We until you are at liberty. When and where shall we call for you, Mr. Lenoir?"

"Please don't attempt to make another objection. Gertrude can be persistent when she separates the perfection of sensuous delights of likes, and to change the old order of things this eye and ear from the enthusiastic fervor of the once, consider us at your service for the afternoon. It is not like our friend of the moun-

many a time.
"I would be a churl to refuse after such gracious condescension. I am happy to accept, Mrs. Richland, and I will be at liberty within the hour. The editorial rooms are just opposite, the reading room below.

"In an hour then. And in the meantime, Ethel, did you mention the Industrial Fair

As well there as anywhere."

The carriage rolled on, but there was a misty picture before Lenoir's mind still of a pearly face and soft, appealing eyes, and tiny spirals of bright hair clinging to the temples—a picto be finding audacious amusement in the con

skylarking perhaps, but not precisely the occupation to suit our chief just now. So you are acquainted with la belle Invincible?" It was a reporter from his own office who had addressed

"With whom, Crayton?" "The Richland, to be sure. She deserves the title if any one does. Circe herself never wove more subtle spells. I wonder if I need to tell you how fatal her reign has been ?-how doubly fatal, since to fall a victim once is to exemplify the old tale of the moth and the flame; fascination endures to the end, always a fatal end to the silly moth."

"You need to give me the first evidence that Miss Richland merits the character you have ascribed to her through any willful or intended trifling. It is not so hard to imagine her the worshiped among men and the envied among

"My dear fellow, are you susceptible to friendly advice? I have a fancy you may need it yet—beware of the flame! You can never be more mistaken in life than in hanging your faith upon outward appearances. She is the greatest coquette, the most heartless flirt, and unmerciful despot of the day, and to have that truthfully averred is to have gained notorious celebrity among the coquettes, flirts and despots, of our twin-cities, that I tell you. Better to trust yourself to the tender mercies of sharpers and knaves than to have fallen-'

'Than to have fallen into the unpardonable error of discussing a lady acquaintance in the street—moreover one whose simple acquaint-ance is an honor conferred on a poor literary nack with sense enough not to presume upon it. It strikes me that these floating 'they says, from which you have gathered your opinion doubtless, have little or nothing to do with our

business, Crayton.'

"Mistaken again," the reporter answered, with imperturbable calmness. "Every thing belongs to our business, my boy, even to the private opinions and public appearances of obedient to her order, the carriage was brought those two fair beings just gone, and all others to a stand before the tall building, where the of the same class. Bless you'l Jenkins would lawyer's office was sandwiched in between nu- be lost without them, which reminds me that merous other offices of more or less pretentious our Jenkins has an item in to day's issue, with "I will be back in five minutes a hope of lengthening it indefinitely, and all regarding the invincible Richland. Like this:
A ramor is affoat that the brave, lucky and andsome Mr. E, lately returned from his stately country home and wide possessions in the very heart of fertile, enticing Maryland, is soon to fulfill the expectations of his friends by blending the matrimonial honors with his otherwise already perfect felicities. The fair lady of his choice has been a favorite since last senson, the lovely Miss E—R—, with further reference to her charms and hints of her

conquests, ad infinitum."

"And probably as correct as two-thirds of such notices are nowadays. No wonder the fashionable public has decried them as intolerable nuisances," Lenoir answered, chillingly Crayton gave him a sharp glance, half-knowing and half-pitying.

"Reserve your detestation of the nuisance for Jenkins then, or better still run in a square or so in sympathetic condolence with the injured public. That wouldn't be consistent per-haps, but effective certainly from the pen of Justin Lenoir. Trust Jenkins in his harmless That wouldn't be consistent perrange to make much out of little, but never give me the cold shoulder on his account, my dear They had walked slowly side by side across

the square and ascended the steps leading to the editorial rooms. Crayton turned in one direction as he spoke, and Lenoir passed through to his own desk. Somehow all the brightness and misty glory of the day had passed away from him. There was a painful contraction in his forehead—a broad, intellectual forehead it was, his features firm and fine, the rather thin, dark face full of nervous power and energy, Though his eyes were fixed upon the proofs of is own articles awaiting him, it was a moment

before he recalled his thoughts to his task, "Is she all the world says of her?" he was thinking. "Whether or no, why should it be any thing to me? Have I forgotten myself so far as to have need of Crayton's warning? I have had the warning at any rate and it remains for me to profit by it." And there Justin Lenoir turned to his work with a will that for the time left him too absorbed to admit per-

There was only the softest roseate glow linering in the Richland parlor. The light filered over the two forms drawn close to one of the west windows, talking in softened tones together, and watching the glitter of a little gilded cross surmounting the spire of a small gray chapel, all but the dome of which already la in the shadow. Mrs. Richland had withdrawn for a moment. Her husband had not made his appearance yet, and the cook had remarked twice to William Thompson, the footman, that in ten years she had served in the family no three dinners had spoiled through waiting for the master.

The two left in the parlor together had felt the embarrassment of that constrained silence

"I am sure you will agree with me in thinking it a pity to ruin the effect of this lingering sunset by ordering lights for a few moments yet. The peaceful quiet of this time and the tinted atmosphere always remind me of the dim religious light,' as I saw it once streaming through painted windows over kneeling forms in St. Paul's. I was a very little child, but I think I shall never forget the strains of soft promise between inexorable duty and our brief distant music swelling and rising in a grand pæan, or the vivid solemnity of the chant ringing from column to column and echoing can drive, meantime, or find other amusement | through the vast space. The music of our own churches has never seemed so complete.

He joined her, speaking of the various cathe-"You are too kind, Mrs. Richland; and the drals of the world, their architecture and puble—" to point out the fine line of demarcation which eye and ear from the enthusiastic fervor of the spirit service in religious devotees.

Listening to his rich, low voice, her earnest

to which she had given imperfect utterance that pleasure of any dealing with the late Mr. Gregvery morning, stirred again in her breast. She did not hear the opening door—they were all orderly, uncreaking doors in the Richland man-sion—nor the double footfall on the thick velvet pile, heard nothing until her brother's voice broke suddenly audible at her back. "Ethel, are you too absorbed to welcome

another friend, an unexpected friend, after my communication of the morning, and I assure you I had trouble enough to secure him, unlattering as the fact may seem to you."

Ethel turned, and at the same instant the

gasoliers were set ablaze with the full glare shining down upon the little group.

Another gentleman who had entered with
Mr. Richland stood there; a handsome, blonde face looked down from his superior hight upon her, a pair of bold, laughing blue eyes seemed

scious guilty look springing into hers. "Miss Richland will believe me that the difficulty was not of my making. If she could know how I have sacrificed my impatient inclinations to the rigid consultation of an exact conscience she would applaud rather than re

"With the support of that approving con-science you did quite properly to consult your own convenience, Mr. Hetherville. Nevertheless I am glad that the opportunity of giving you greeting has not been indefinitely postponed, as we were led to expect. And here is Gertrude ready to add her more weighty assurance to

'First let me present Mr. Lenoir, Mr. He therville. According to all rules of contrast you two ought to be excellent friends."

Two minutes afterward Ethel went out to linner on the arm of this tall, blonde young man, this scion of the old school of aristocracy whose family possessions, coming down through five generations, were seized by voracious Jenkinses in furnishing substance for those items of morbid interest which feed the minds of the envious hangers-on of that little central hub of society, about which the circles widen and widen until they are lost at last in the vulgar current of the masses.

"A frightfully demoralized scion, I'm afraid," Mr. Erle Hetherville was accustomed to say in his cheery, off-hand fashion. "I find the family dignity a burden too mighty to be borne by these tender and inexperienced shoulders"giving said shoulders a whimsical shrug, and looking in his six feet of well-developed manhood fully equal to the bearing of a burden of far greater reality than the old family dignity he laughingly deplored.

The gentlemen were still at table after the ladles had left them, when a card was brought to Mrs. Richland. She had sunk back in an easy-chair, and with a languid glance at the name looked across at her sister-in-law.

"Have you any objection to my seeing him here, Ethel? The person is a stranger to me, a professional gentlemen, Dr.—ah!—Dr. Craven Dallas"—with a reference to the card. "No objection whatever, Gertrade. I was about to excuse myself in case it was a private

"Don't think of going, my dear. These strange callers are very apt to turn out bores, and I have a presentiment that this one will prove such."

The visitor bowed himself in, a tall, thin man, very sallow, with sparse sandy hair and keen, light gray eyes which swept the entire surface of his observation at a glance, and fixed themselves with peculiar intentness upon Mrs. Richland's face.

She glanced up without rising.
"Will you be seated, Dr. Dallas?"—with a wave of her hand, indicating a chair—"and pardon me for reverting at once to the object of your visit. I am at liberty only for a brief

"It is in reference to a communication I received from your solicitor, madame, when I chanced to drop in upon him this afternoon. I am guardian to the young girl, Wilma Wilde."

"Her guardian! I understood she had been

eft without a guardian. The keen, light eyes glanced guardedly toward Ethel, but wandered back to their subtle inspection of Mrs. Richland's quietly unconsci-

ons attitude, of the slightly weary face so perfect in its repose, the white hands lying idly in her lap, the soft, dark orbs finding so lattle to nterest her about him that they simply turned their languid surprise upon him and went back to the space before her. "I was appointed her guardian after the late

Matthew Gregory. I am most anxious to acquit myself of the trust in a manner to satisfy ny own perceptions of right and to meet the

confidence reposed in me by my old friend."
"Am I to understand then that you object
to my proposal regarding the girl?" The soft,
black eyes met his fully for the first, the listlessness was stirred by a little faint bewilderment rather than any disappointed expression. "I am not sure that I object, Mrs. Richland; in fact it might not be wise for me to object. I hope I do not appear too zealous in assuring myself that this is the best advantage offering to Wilma before I can give my consent. I am a bachelor, maintaining a bachelor's primitive establishment, and it is quite out of the question that I should receive her there I have been thinking that the child may need schooling; she has not had many opportunities, poor thing! along with my friend who grew misanthropic toward the last. She has nothing at all, as Mr. Gregory, against my wishes I assure you, willed his little property to me; but no pecuniary trifle ahould stand between me

and her best welfare." You are very considerate," said the lady, etly. "I explained to my lawyer that my ntention was to give the girl all ordinary reasonable advantages. She will occupy no stated position in the household, though I shall expect her to hold herself in obedience to my own and Miss Richland's wishes. The solicitor, who is fully instructed I have no doubt, can give you any satisfaction you require. You may like to think further of the matter, in which case you can report your decision to him. Of course I should assume all expense in receiving her.'

"I could not consent to relinquish my guardianship or occasional communication with my ward. Assured of those points, I am quite willing that Wilma shall be received into your household—quite positive that a lady of Mrs. Richland's generosity and kindliness will be nothing which is not considerate toward the friendless orphan?

"For the time, upon those or any terms. became interested through hearing of her utter desolation, perhaps I mentioned. Should the first arrangement prove unsatisfactory in any point, the freedom of retreating from it may be wisely accorded. That is sufficient, I hope."

"All-sufficient, my dear madame. And, bythe by "-with another glance toward Ethel, simply unobservant of them, as he rose to go-I believe you visited my friend when he was too low to be intelligibly consulted on any mat-ter. He was intrusted with considerable independent business at one time, and his papers have all reverted to me. If any point was left unsettled I may be able to attend to it.

ory."
"Ah—strange! Let me beg that you will pardon the mistake." With a few more words Dr. Craven Dallas bowed himself out, and Mrs. Richland turned her quiet face toward her sis-

"You are something of a physiognomist, I believe, my dear. What is your opinion of that

Ethel gave an expressive little shudder. "He is a person I never could tolerate with any degree of composure, I fancy. He looks to have the inclination of a sycophant; he is cun-

ming and insincere, I am sure."

"My impression of him was almost the same," Gertrude said, slowly. To herself she added—"It was like coming into contact with the slimy coil of a serpent."

(To be continued.)

NADIA,

RUSSIAN SPY; The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY OAPT, FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," THE SEA OAT," "THE

CHAPTER VIII. THE SACK OF BARU.

THE commandant of the little village of Baku was sitting at supper with Captain Ivan-hoff, of the guard-boat, and several other cro-nies; and all were pretty well "set up" with works or Russian brandy, when there was a tap

"Come in, in the name of the czar, whoever you be," said the commandant, with drunken solemnity; "but cut your report short, for we're engaged on important business." Then the door opened, and an orderly ap-

"Please, colonel, the officer of the day preents his duty, and has important intelligence to communicate."

"The officer of the day is always finding mare's nests," said the colonel, irritably. Why doesn't be come to report himself?"
"Please, colonel, he is doubling the sentries." "Doubling the sentries! What for?" asked he commandant, lazily. "Ah, I know. This

the commandant, lazily. "Ah, I know. This Strogonoff is a young fellow, fresh from the Academy at Moscow, and he scares easily. Send him to me, orderly." The orderly disappeared, and the colonel re-

marked to Ivanhoff "You don't know what trouble I have with these young officers when they join. Every bush they see on the mountain seems to them to be a Circassian, waiting to devour them. Young Count Strogonoff has get frightened at some peasant's story, and he thinks that Schamyl and all his warriors are coming down on us. Well, well, I shall not budge for them. on us. Well, well, I shall not budge for them. Baku has stood one siege already, and is ready to stand another. Fill up your glass. His ma-jesty's health."

The two officers were embracing each other

with tipsy fervor, when a second tap, smart and loud, aroused them.
"Come in, Strogonoff," said the commandant; and into the room clattered a tall, slender young officer, whose laughty, high-bred air told the fact that his social rank was far above that of his vulgar commandant. He touched his cap slightly, and began:

"Colonel, the Circassians are round us, and will attack us inside of an hour. Will you authorize me to beat the alarm?"

"Poh! poh, my dear count," said the colonel, estingly. "There's not a Circassian, except a few shepherds, for twenty miles. Did not the jestingly. patrol come in at sunset, and report the mountain empty? You alarm yourself unnecessari-

Count Strogovoff made an impatient motion. "Colonel," he said, angrily, "you don't know what I do. Captain Ivanhoff sent a prisoner to Tiffis this evening under escort of four Cossacks. One of them has just come in, with a ball in his arm, to report the party killed, the prisoner taken, and himself chased up to the very gate by the enemy. Now, sir, will you take the responsibility of idleness after that?"

This sobered one of the party, Captain Ivan-

hoff, who jumped up and demanded: "What, my prisoner gone! Gracious saints, colonel, we shall all be cashiered! She was an important capture. Why didn't you send a stronger party? Oh, why did I ever see this

day gov Had you sent her in here you would have been safe," said Count Strogonoff, harshly Who but an idiot would have sent her off by night through these mountains with such a small escort? But we waste time, gentlemen. The prisoner is gone. Colonel, do the garrison to be murdered in their beds, or shall I order the long roll?"

Oount Strogonoff was a privileged character on account of his rank, or he would never have dared to address his commander in the tone he used. The colonel looked confused and scared

Certainly, count, do as you think best. I hardly think-At the instant he was interrupted by an appalling shout and a sudden volley of musketry

outside, followed by the cries and shots, telling of a sudden conflict, and the deep booming of the huge Circassian war-drums. "Now you'll believe me," cried the young count, excitedly; and he rushed outside in desperate haste, leaving the commandant to stag-

ger to the door. Outside all was pitch dark, and the noise and confusion were fearful. The flashes of musket-ry within the forlifications revealed the fact that the enemy had effected an entrance; and soon

came a rush of panic-stricken soldiers, fleein from their quarters in wild disorder, and followed by swarms of lithe, active mountaineers, cutting and slashing with their razor-like blades, and shouting the savage war-cry of Monammed and Schamyl. The surprise was complete, the resistance

feeble. Strogonoff himself rallied a few men with arms, and strove desperately to stem the current of disaster, but in a moment more the great gate of the post was thrown wide open, and a crowd of glittering horsemen rode in bearing torches, and headed, on a black horse of singular beauty, by a chief, whose flowing beard and green robes announced him to be the great prophet and leader, SCHAMYL.

Then, as the torches blazed up, Strogonoff saw that he was alone with his little group, and that the whole parade was swarming with

The dark-bearded prophet directed the assault; and down came a knot of horsemen on the Russian remnant, yelling like devils, firing pistols and brandishing sabers. The young of-ficer fired his last pistol shot at the enemy, and the next moment was ridden down and tram-pled under foot, his men exterminated, and imself battered and bruised into insensibility

by the rush of the horsemen.
"Forward, in the name of Allah !" cried the clear, sonorous voice of Schamyl. "Slay the common folk and take the chiefs!"

And well was that order obeyed by his "Slay the

daring followers, who swept all resistance away like cobwebs, and avenged in that hour many a cruelty inflicted by Russian hands. In ten minutes more all was quiet, the last soldier slain, and the houses and barracks fired. huddled crowd of helpless women and children, with a few men whose uniform told that they were officers, were gathered on the parade, surrounded by enemies, and awaiting the sentence of the Circassian leader.

The prophet rode forward, a short, square man, of great apparent strength, a green robe and turban shading his glittering mail, and called out:

"Let the chief of the Muscovite dogs be sent to my own stronghold, to be kept for exchange with our own people. Let the women and children be coupled together and sold for slaves. I have spoken. Return to your moun-tains, children of Allah."

He was about turning away, when the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a horseman rode in at full speed and threw his horse on its haunches before Schamyl.

"Great prophet," he said, "the outlying party on the Tiflis road has captured an infidel woman of surpassing beauty, and they report a heavy column of the enemy coming from Tiflis with a General's flag."

"Send the prisoners away by the passes to the secret ravine," said Schamyl, eagerly. "We will try conclusions with this column in the woods. Hamet Bey, take charge of the pri-soners. I myself will head the rest."

The girl known as Anna Bronk sat patiently in a corner of the tarantass, where her captors had left her, when they found what sort of a prisoner they had taken. The vehicle had been drawn off the road and ensconced in a thicket, It was pitch dark, and she was apparently unguarded. Not a sound struck the ear since her captors had left her there, and she had heard

the vanishing echoes of horse-hoofs.
"Why should I not try it?" she suddenly said to herself, as she found herself undis-

As the thought struck her, she sprung up and out of the carriage, and stole off through the woods. She knew not whither she was going, only she had a vague idea that she was leaving the coast, and approaching the Turkish frontier. Toward that she had been en deavoring to come ever since her escape, and toward that she felt she was going now. had lost sight of the tarantass, and was begin-ginning to flatter herself she was clear, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a stern voice demanded:

"Daughter of the Muscovite, whither would you go? Do you think that the warriors of Schamyl are blind and deaf? Your friends are coming on yonder road, and the prophet is

ready to desiroy them."

The girl exhibited no symptoms of surprise or alarm, as she answered, speaking his own languager

Why call you me daughter of the Museo vite? I was their prisoner and you have rescued me. Where are the dogs coming?"
"Up the road from Tiflis," said the Circassian, unguardedly. "But how is it that you

come to be a prisoner with them, beautiful damsel? I know you must be beautiful, from your voice.'

Never mind how I came there," said the girl, hurriedly; "but tell me, what will your gar, nurrierly, but ter me, what win your people do with me, now they have got me?"

"You will be set apart for the prophet's harem," said the other, "as the loveliest maidens always are. Were you a true believer, he might even make you his wife. As for us poor warriors, we that have only a horse and arms must be content with a mountain-maid." The girl pressed close to the warrior in the

darkness.
"Suppose that you were to carry me off,"

she said, quietly; "how much could you sell me to the Turks for?" The warrior started, and ejaculated :

Staffir Allah, it is impossible hundred thousand plastres would be cherp for to her face in the darkness. such as you.

She placed one arm in his caressingly.
"The night is dark and the Circassian is rave," she said. "His horse would carry us out of Schamyl's reach in an hour, would it not?"
"It would," said the other, trembling with

excitement. His soul was full of romance and chivalry, like all his race, and he felt all on fire

"Listen," said the girl, in a whisper: "you e poor, and you would be rich. You have are poor, and you would be rich. nothing but horse and arms, and Schamyl is rich. Be brave, and you too may be rich. Mount your horse, and take me behind you, and ride to Tilis."

"Impossible," said the other; "our scouts are watching the road now for the Muscovites, and if we passed the one, we should run into

"Tell me your name," said the girl, suddenly

"I am Hafiz, the son of Abdallah," said the warrior, proudly.
"I will remember that Hafiz, the son of Abdallah, is a coward," she said, turning away. He dares not venture his neck for a maiden's

She spoke with cutting scorn, and Hafiz cried

"Fairest maiden, I would risk perdition for thee. I will help thee away. Let the prophet For answer the girl threw her arms round

his neck, gratefully, in the true Circassian

"Thou art my own brave Hafiz," she whispered, softly, into his ear. "And now lead "Follow me, beautiful maiden," whispered Hafiz, and he stole off among the trees in cau-

tious silence. CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE. In a short time they emerged upon the dark, narrow road in which the tarantass had been seized, and the false vedette spoke, in a low

I am the only outpost on this part of the road, but the woods are full of men in ambush a little further on. They expect the enemy in half an hour, from the reports of the scouts. My horse is here.

And he went to a tree, and led out a splendidly-caparisoned horse, on whose housings the gold lace glittered, even in the faint starlight. "Behold Alkader—the strong one—my prin-

cess," he said. "He will outpace any ste the mountains, and gallop from dawn to dark; and with him will I bear away my princess, my white rose, to the sweet waters of Scutari."
"Which way shall we go then?" asked the girl, hesitatingly, "if we can not pass by this

"We will take the mountain paths to Kars and Erwan, that only I know," said Hafiz, "and ere morning we shall sleep in peace in my

own cot on the mountain.' 'Nay, nay," said the girl, hastily.

not so. You promised to take me to Kears, not to keep me in the mountains." Only mount Alkader, sweet princess, and all shall be well," said Hafiz, evasively. "Time

"Tell me one thing," she said, "and I will: Would your people in ambush fire at a rider galloping from this way toward the enemy?"

"Perhaps not," said Hafiz. "They would take him for a scout sent by the prophet."

"Then help me to mount," said she, and stepped lightly on the warrior's hand, with the same remarkable agility that she had displayed before in accepting Captain Blank's offer.

Just as Hafiz was preparing to mount before

Just as Hafiz was preparing to mount before her, the sound of a distant bugle startled both. What is that, Hafiz? Listen!" she said,

earnestly. "The Muscovite trumpet," said the warrior,

"Ay, but how far off are they? Place your ear to the ground and listen. So I Alkader."
The spirited horse tossed his head at the sound of the bugle, and began to fidget. Just as Hafiz, in obedience to his lady's wish, stooped down to the ground, the girl shifted her seat

into the saddle itself, and took up the reins.

"The enemy are not a mile off," said Hafiz, listening, "We shall be able to escape during the fighting without being noticed."

"Perhaps," said the girl, in a tone of scorn.

"Meantime furewell"

Meantime, farewell.' And before the astounded Hafiz could realize

the trick she had played him, the quick-witted girl shook the rein, and was off at full speed lown the narrow road toward the Russians, throwing back a taunting laugh as she went.

Hafiz had consented to fly with her, inspired

by love and romance. His duty to the prophet neglected was as nothing with him to the eclat he would gain among the heroes of the Caucasus, by carrying off a beautiful maiden to the mountains in the teeth of all danger.

The girl herself had enticed him to desert his post, and had fooled and deceived him. He was disgraced forever, unless he could repair the blunder. Mad with rage, he leveled his rifle and fired, and for all his answer heard the

hoofs of Alkader speeding faster.

Meanwhile the fugitive girl herself galloped down the road past the silent woods in safety. The lurking enemies that were ensconced there did not stir, as the rapid tramp of the flying steed passed by them; and at last the girl emerged from the woods and saw before her an open stretch of comparatively level road, on which a faint light shone from the sky.

A dark moving mass loomed up in the distance, emerging from a gap in the mountains; and the dull rumble of hoofs and wheels announced that the Russian column was coming unsuspiciously on. Then the fugitive, who seemed to be hunted of all men, by Russian and Circassian alike, never hesitated; but, urg-ing Alkader with rein and voice, flew straight toward her enemies, the Russians.

In a moment more she was close to a group of horsemen in advance; and the loud command, "Halt!" was followed ere she could obey it, by the reports of three carbines, the bullets whistling past her ears in dreadfully lose proximity

The fugitive pulled up her horse just in time to escape a pistol-shot, and a grim, bearded

Cossack sergeant seized her rein, crying:
"Whither so fast, friend? Do you expect to
pass Potapoff on duty? Eh, holy St. Nicholas! Tis a woman!"

"Where is your commandant?" panted the girl, eagerly. "I would see him at once. Schamyl is in yonder woods, lying in wait for your men; and he has taken Baku to-night." "Say you so?" said old Potapoff, shrewdly, for it was that same redoubtable sergeant who had been ordered to the Caucasus. "Then we must send you back to the General. No, there s no need of it. Here comes a staff-office

And, in effect, at that moment up galloped an officer, who put the inquiry: "What's the matter, sergeant? Who fired those shots?"

"I fired one, honored captain, and here is a woman who has escaped from the Circassians. She says that Schamyl is waiting for us in yonder woods, and has taken Baku.

The officer rode up to the girl and peered in-

"Who are you?" he asked. The girl started. She knew the voice of Captain Blank.

I am she you saved at Peroffsky," she said. in a low voice. "I told you Russia should not repent it. Schamyl has taken Baku, and waits you in yonder woods. You are warned. Now, in God's name, let me go.'

The officer reached out his hand and pressed

"I do not understand you," he said; "but I believe you are true to Russia. You shall depart in peace. Take this paper, and when you need to pass our lines, show it. Some will understand, some will not, but it will reach me, and I will save you. Now tell me, where are the enemy?'

She pointed to the dark woods "There, flanking the road."
"Enough," he said. "Now farewell."

The girl galloped past the column halted in the road without further molestation, and as she turned into a side ravine, she heard the reports of artillery, which told that the Russians were shelling the woods from the open valley, under the guidance of that omnipresent and mysterious Captain Blank.

CHAPTER X.

MUSTAPHA BEY'S SLAVE.

MUSTAPHA BEY, Governor of Kars, sat upon the square, cushioned divan of his chamber of justice, smoking the pipe of peace, and thanking God that his day's troubles were over. The worthy Bey had been deciding innumerable petty disputes, about cows and goats, between contending peasants; he had been bothered with complaints of robberies on the part of his new Bashi Bozouks, raised to defend the pro vince against the expected inroads of the Russians; and altogether he was tired out with the wrangling, and only anxious to be left alone The Bey was also much troubled in spirit bout certain grave complaints that he heard had been sent about him to the Sultan. He had allowed the troops too much license, and the consequences promised to be serious, unless he could contrive some way to appease the powers at Stamboul.

To him, gravely smoking and ruminating, suddenly entered his pipe-bearer, salaaming profoundly, who then stood before him in si-

ce, with crossed arms. The Bey smoked on for some minutes without speaking. At last he raised his head and looked the pipe-bearer in the face.

Well, Ali, what would you?"
So please my lord," said Ali, bowing, "the Tartar slave-merchant, Yussuff, is without, and

craves leave to see your highness." What wants the son of a burnt father?" asked the Bey, irritably. "Did I not tell him never to enter Kars again? He sold me a girl that he swore was as gentle as a lamb, and she turned out as wild as a child of Sheitan, and has kept my house in the torments of Jehamm ever since. Tell Yussuff to pack."

Ali stood his ground and urged hesitatingly. "The merchant says that he has brought your highness a girl-slave fit to enter the harem of the Sultan himself. He earnestly desires that you would see her, as he only wishes permission to take her to Stamboul, if your highness does not like her."

The old Bey considered a moment.
"The dog has taste," he muttered. "That child of the evil one, Ayesha, was a beauty.
Who knows? This may be a splendid present

for the Sultan, and I need not keep her my

He ruminated over his pipe in his slow, Ori ental fashion, and finally spoke.
"Bismillah! In the name of Allah admit the

Ali, whose palm had been previously greased by the slave-merchant, which partly accounted or his unusual boldness, stepped out, and presently returned with a dark squat-looking Tartar, with a leering, sensual face. This man was magnificently dressed in the old Turkish fashion, and his green turban announced him to be a Hadji, one who had performed the pil-grimage to Mecca. He advanced to the foot of the divan, and prostrated himself with the ut-most respect, kissing the ground three times,

"Oh, great my lord Bey, like the sight of water in the descrt is the sight of your highness, whose smile is like that of the angel of life Poor Hadji Yussuff has brought for your high ness a pearl without price, a jewel fit for the eraglio of the Padisha himself, and he has picked her up so cheap that he can afford to let your highness have her for a few thousand piasters, the mere price of a common black house

Mustapha Bey gravely motioned the other to stand before him, and smoked silently for some minutes before he said:

"Hadji Yussuff, may the grave of your mo-ther be defiled, and may dogs howl over your father's bones! You cheated me in your last bargain; and by Allah, that Ayesha has brought more trouble into the house than a whole le-gion of devils! She has spit on my beard, and picked up knives to assault her mistress. She has the temper of Eblis himself! Whose dog are you to come into my presence after such a

Hadji Yussuff waved his hand deprecatingly and protested: "Good my lord, how can you suspect your slave of an intention to deceive you? The girl Ayesha was quiet enough with me, and never dared to show temper. If your highness should order her a dose of the stick daily, I warrant me she would soon be quiet. If your highness does not like her, I will even take her back."

The Bey's eyes glittered, and he uttered a sigh of relief as he asked:

"Will you really? Ah, Yussuff, that is well said; and now for your new girl. Where is she, and how did you get her?"

"To please your highness, she is one of those Russians who was found among the mountains by a Circassian chief, having lost her way, and was brought down to the plains with a num. was brought down to the plains with a num-ber of Circassian and Georgian girls, where I bought her."
"Is she beautiful?" asked the Bey.

Yussuff spread his hands in ecstasy. A perfect Houri, my lord, with hair like flowing river, and eyes like two dark pools of She is shaped like a gazelle, and can dance like a ghawazee" (professional dancer.)
"What sort of a temper has she?" demanded
the Bey, cautiously. "I want no more

the Bey, cautiously. Ayeshas, you know."
"Your highness shall secher before buying her," said Yussuff, with a wave of his hand, implying great things. "Have I your leave to introduce her?"

The Governor nodded and turned to Ali, who had been standing by, waiting for orders.
"Bring the woman in, and clear the men out of the aute-room. Go.

Ali escorted Hadji Yussuff from the room, and the Governor, on the divan, soliloquized:
"This may be a good thing if I can trade off Ayesha, and get this beauty to send to the Sultan. True, the girl cost me a hundred thousand piasters*; but she will be cheap if he buys off his mob of complaining people at Stamboul

Allah Kerim !" The old Bey sat ruminating over his project till Ali re-entered the room, escorting Yussuff, the slave-merchant, and a vailed female figure shrouded from head to foot in white drapery In spite of the disfiguring disguise, there was certain nameless air of grace and refinement about the figure that riveted attention and excited curiosity. A very diminutive foot, in a tiny red slipper, that peeped out from under the folds of the drapery, assisted to confirm the favorable impression made by the mysterious girl; and the old Bey involuntarily took his ipe out of his mouth, and looked longingly at the figure. Then he turned angrily to Ali and

"Pack, begone, son of a burnt father! Who wanted your black face and yellow eyes in the presence of Paradise? Go!"

All vanished, and the slave-merchant advanced with his silent charge to the foot of the Now your highness shall see." he said.

whether I was not right when I promised you a perfect Houri, my lord. As he spoke he whisked off the white vail and revealed to the enraptured gaze of Museapha Bey the loveliest maiden he had ever

"Allah akbar! God is Great!" exclaimed the old Turk, licking his thick lips at the sight and leering affectionately at the new slave; "she is indeed a Houri."

The girl so theatrically discovered was slen der, graceful and rounded in shape, with long plaits of glistening black hair, and eyes like mountain lakes, deep, dark and clear. She was richly dressed in the Circassian fashion, and stood calmly before the Bey, looking at him with a haughty grace such as a princess might have used to a slave. Mustapha Bey

dropped his pipe, and exclaimed: Allah Kerim! she is fit for the Sultan! Quick, Hadji, quick! name your terms, and you shall have Ayesha to boot. Wallah! she would seduce the prophet himself. What is

"Her name is Leila," said Hadji Yussuff.
"Her price is, Ayesha, and a hundred thousand "You shall have both," exclaimed Mustapha

"Can she speak Turkish?" The girl herself answered, quietly "If my lord will send me to Stamboul, I If he keep me here, he will find me worse

> CHAPTER XI. THE GOLDEN HORN.

than Ayesha."

THE sun was setting over the waters of the Golden Horn, and the city of Constantinople basked in its light like a city of fairyland. The ong stretches of white wall that rose from the dark-blue waters were crowded with guns, and above them rose the seven hills of Stamboul, the slender minarets of the mosques shooting up like needles around the great gilded domes, set off by dark-green foliage below, while palace and kiosk, minaret and dome, alike combined n a picture of enthralling Eastern beauty.

The Golden Horn was crowded with shipping. English and French men-of-war lay at anchor, alongside of others from which floated the Crescent flag of the Porte. Man-of-war boats pulled here and there, among the graceful

feluccas with their tall, triangular lateen sails; and light caiques,* like Indian canoes, shot to and fro among the other craft with marvelous ly rising.

On the soft evening breeze floated the cry of the muezzin from the minarets, calling the True Believers to prayer, with a long, sonorous chant, far sweeter than the clang of church bells.

The coffee-houses on the quay were crowded with English and French soldiers, on the way to their regiments, and the plodding Turks of Stamboul gazed with awe and astonishment on these barbarians, whose actions were so different to what they had been accustomed.

Here you might see a curious group outside

of the principal coffee-house on the quay, consisting of four men, about as opposite in their emeanor as in their nationalities. There was a stolid, heavy English guardsman, a piper of the Black Watch, a private of the Connaught Rangers, better known as the "Blackguard 88th," and finally a corporal of Zouaves with a black beard. All four of these gentlemen were in that state of drink in which national characer comes out to the surface in the strongest ight, and all four were consequently types of

The guardsman was boozy and stolid, with an imperturbable gravity of demeanor that no joke could shake; the Scotchman was dry and ententious in his remarks, with a cu twinkle in the corner of his gray eye; Paddy Carroll was quaint, witty, and quarrelsome and Corporal Piehot was singing the Marseil-laise with patriotic fervor, alternating the verses with remarks on the ardor of a Frenchman's love for wine and women

Arrah, corp'lar, but that's foine," exclaimed Mr. Carroll, admiringly, as Pichot concluded

with-"Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur Ab-r-r-r-reuve nos sillons."

The corporal of Zouaves burred his r's in the nost ferocious manner, and foamed at the mouth with savage fervor, as he shouted the end of his song; and then enthusiastically em-

been separe so long, so long, and, mon Dieu, togeder ve can vip all de vorld! To my arms, br-rave comarade!"

"Be jabers, thim Frinch is curious cr'atures," said Paddy Carroll, reflectively, as he lighted his dudeen with quick, short puffs. "Arrah, Higgs, darlin', did ye iver see a man hug another man like that afore? Begorra, the piper's a hairy ould cr'ature to be huggin' like a

Look at that now." The grim piper shoved the enthusiastic Zouave away with some difficulty and ejacu-

"Hoot, mon, what the de'il ails ye? Can ye no sut quiet and drink yer whusky like a sousy chiel as ye are, but ye maun be ravin' like a play-actor? Hoot awa'!"

"Arrah, corplar, corplar, look this away wunst, and, be jabers, ye'll never want to hug a hairy ould Scot again," suddenly exclaimed Paddy Carroll, pointing to the landing steps off the quay, close to where they were. The Zouave turned, with mercurial quickness of Sultan's scraglio at the stern, debarking at the steps a group of Turkish women, under the guardianship of two black slaves in the Sultan's

uniform, with naked scimitars.
"Oh, ciel!" cried the corporal, as the closely muffled figures on the steps congregated to-gether, looking much like bundles of clothes going to the wash; " who would think that inch hideous disguises covered the beauties of Circassia? Mon Dieu, if one could only see

"And that's nae sic an easy thing," said Piper McPherson, slowly, rising as he spoke, and bringing his pipes to the front; "but gin ye ike, Maister Peesho, I'll get ye a sicht o' them "And how's that?" asked Carroll, innocent

y; "whin it's ag'in' the orders to disturb thim azy divils o' Turks or their wimmin." "Patrick, laddie, there's mair ways o' killin' a dog than skinning him aleeve," said McPherson, dryly; "ye dinna ken, I suppose, wha Orpheus was."

'Orfis! Orfis!" repeated Carroll. "Bedad, I know an officer named Captain O'Toole, but nothin' nearer.' Aweel, then, I'll tell ye," said the piper

with a grunt; "Orpheus was a H'land gentle-man that played the pipes before the king of Scotland, twenty thousand years before Co-lumbus discovered Ireland, when the Black

Watch was his majesty's body-guard."

Here he put the pipe into his mouth and be gan to blow up the bag; and Carroll interject-

"Howly Patrick! he must have been the piper that played before Moses, bedad." Corporal Pichot had resumed his seat, and was gazing intently at the bevy of approaching women with all the impudent curiosity of a French Zouave. McPherson calmly continued his narration, while Tom Higgs, the British uardsman, sat ruminating, like an ox chewing

"Orpheus was a famous piper," said the Scot; "and they tell that he could gar the trees nd stones to dance like human bodies. Aweel addie, there was never a McPherson yet that couldna mak' a mon dance gin he leeked, and I mind that these Turkey bodies are a'maist crazy when they hear a skirl o' the pibroch; sae, we'll see if we can na get them at it noo. Hoigh! laddies, spring till't.

As he spoke, he pressed the bag of the pibroch, already filled with wind, and the instrument uttered a fearful squeal, which instantly attracted the attention of every Turk within Like all barbarians, noise is the element that best pleases the Turks. Drums and cymbals are their favorites at home, and the skreigh of the bag-pipe came to most of them as an unimagined hight of delight. The first loud bray brought a crowd, running-a marve in lazy Stamboul—and, when the piper put on the buzzing drone, and started a maundering discursive treble above it, all eyes were fixed on him, all ears open. Gray-headed old mer and ragged little boys came running out of every alley to hear the wild Frankish music and fat bundles of clothes called women, al muffled up, so as only to show the eyes, wad dled out by dozens, blocking up the quay in front, and completely impeding the further progress of the party of women that had just landed from the caique, under the charge of the black slaves. Indeed, the two latter bad halted themselves, spellbound by the strange music, showing their white teeth from ear ear with delight, and entirely forgetting their

For over a minute McPherson continued to wabble up and down the gamut without any particular tune, the shriller squeals of his in-

* Caique, a long, slender boat peculiar to Constanti-nople, with high bow and stern, and pulling one or more pair of sculls. Very swift.

† The 42nd Highlanders of the British army, so name originally from their dark-colored plaids. This famous old regiment was first under fire at the battle of Fontenoy, 1745. Every regiment in the English service has its characteristic nickname, by which it is better known than by its number. The 88th foot are recruited in Ireland and known as the Connaught Rangers.

strument eliciting cries of delight, while the

Then at last he started the long, throbbing bass of the drone for several bars without variation, and gradually warmed into the irresistbly inspiring strains of the famous "Tulloch-

As the regular pulsating drone of the bass gradually quickened and became mingled with the rollicking treble, Paddy Carroll first caught the infection and leaped to his feet, where he stood, as stiff as a post, listening with painful ntentness to the progress of the air. Then, as it swelled up higher and louder, every note full of mirth, the Irishman uttered a tremendous howl, dashed his shako on the ground, and

leaped up in the air.

"Holy Moses, give me a shillela," he yelled,
"till I show the divils how to foot it!" And, failing a shillela, the wild Connaught, man snatched the long chibouque from the nearest Turk, and, flourishing it in the air,

dashed into a jig, unable to resist the music.

Corporal Pichot, who was still watching the trange women with sparkling eyes, fidgeted on

his seat, attracted by the music, till he, too, could no longer resist. "Sacrirre tete de cochon!" he yelled at last. springing on the table and kicking bottles and glasses in all directions. "A moi, Carroll! Le

uncan! Le cancan! And in a moment he, too, was dancing "all over," kicking as high as his head, yelling at the top of his powerful lungs, and bouncing off

the table among the crowd.

Tom Higg, stolid and boozy as that giant in the bear-skin hat seemed, followed the example of the rest with a sudden explosion of tremendous laughter, as if he had just taken a joke, and dashed into the "Soldier's Hornpipe," opposite to a fat Turk, who was gazing in wonderment at the whole proceeding.

erment at the whole proceeding. At first the Turks only laughed in vague hilarity, feeling that there was something indescribably joyful in the music; but not knowing how to express it, as a male Turk never dances from the cradle to the grave. But when they saw the infidels so irresistibly impelled to dance; "My broder in arms, my br-rave Ecossais, now I love thee! Ah, but our nations have swarming out, all of whom began to dance, as swarming out, all of whom began to dance, as swarming out, all of whom began to dance, as f by instinct; and when the stout piper kept playing louder and louder; finally they, too, aught the infection: and first the women, then the men, commenced dancing together, each in their national grotesque fashion, while the black slaves in the sultan's uniform jumped and yelled in their crazy African way, slashing recklessly round with their razor-like scimitars n the sword-dance of the Arab.

Louder and louder played McPherson, thicker and thicker grew the crowd, wilder and wilder grew the demeanor of all. As the piper had predicted, the women had dropped their vails from their faces in the general license, and the jealous Turks were too full of spirits to notice

The only cool man in the assembly was McPherson, who stood blowing and playing with a broad grin on his grim, bearded face. The only woman who seemed unmoved was one of the party that came with the Sultan's Zouave turned, with mercurial quickness of harem caique. She had dropped her vail, and mood, to see what the other meant, and beheld a large foar-oared caique, with the flag of the Sultan's scraglio at the stern, debarking at the splendor. She looked at him with a sad glance, contrasted with the merry faces of all present; and as if by an irrestible impulse,

McPherson stopped.

The instant he did so, there was a dead silence, and people looked at each other with foolish faces. The women muffled themselves in their vails, the crowd dispersed; and the harem party swept by the piper through the

throng.

A moment after, the piper felt a tug at his plaid, and beheld a little boy slave near him. The child slipped a note into his hand, and disappeared into the crowd. (To be continued-commenced in No. 192.)

Some Remarks on Etiquette.—If the lady on whom you call is not at home, you must eave your card. Where there are sisters or aughters, it is sometimes considered enough to turn down the corner of the card, to intimate that they are included, but this is rather going out of fashion. A separate card is now usually left for the young ladies, and one for the master of the house. But this is quite enough; do not leave a pack of cards at a door, as three

re sufficient to meet any case. Always leave a card within a week after you have accepted an invitation to dine with a

A card left at a farewell visit has P. P. C. pour prendre conge-i. e., to take leave) written When a note of invitation to dinner is written, it should be in the third person, and in the names of both the lady and gentleman of the

"Mr. and Mrs. - request the pleasure of "Mr. and Mrs. — request the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. —'s company at dinner on Monday, Dec. —, at 8 o'clock."

The answer accepting should be:

"Mr. and Mrs. — have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. —'s invitation for Dec. —."

Or, refusing the invitation:

"Mr. and Mrs. Moore regret that a previous engagement will prevent them from having

engagement will prevent them from having the pleasure of accepting Mr. and Mrs. -

kind invitation for Dec. -

On no account neglect to give immediate attention to invitations; any want of courtesy in this respect is unpardonable. If you accept an invitation to dinner, nothng but illness or the death of friends ought to

excuse you from keeping your engagement, as it is very disagreeable for the person who gives the dinner party to have a vacant seat at the table, and, perhaps, an odd number to send in to dinner. Send an excuse (if one must be made) in time to allow your place to be sup-

In writing to a perfect stranger on business of any kind, you should begin your letter with "Sir" or "Madam," and sign yourself "Your obedient servant." It is usual to write to people on business in

the third person; as: will thank Mr. Jones to send her " Mrs. five yards of lace, etc., at his earliest con-

Letters of introduction are often of great value, but you should exercise great caution in giving them. Never do so unless both the person to whom they are addressed and the person in whose favor they are written are your friends, and not mere acquaintances. Even then you ought to consider whether the introduction is likely to be agreeable to both.

Having received a letter of introduction, give it immediate attention. Either write to the person introduced, or call on him, or leave a card, the next day, and he, on his part, should return your attention within a week. Never break an appointment, but be punctual

to the moment in keeping it.

If, during a morning call, or at a dinner or evening party, you should be so unfortunate as to overturn or break any thing, do not be profuse in your apologies, but express your regret in manner rather than in words. Do not affect fine language; speak in a simple, straightforward manner, without pretense



Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

Terms to Subscribers:

nications, subscriptions, and letters on business, shoul

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the SATURDAY JOURNAL,

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Impressive, Beautiful and Captivating Serial that any popular journal has offered for many month.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-The enormous circulation of popular papers is a fact so significant that the heads of a certain class of "critics" must be thicker than a bomb-proof not to see in that universal taste of the public for fictitious narrative, a healthy and needed source of mental enjoyment. For these critics to set up a doleful whine over the "dege neracy" of popular taste is the sublimity of impudence. "The taste of ten thousand is all wrong —is a great evil, but my taste" he cries, "is all right—a great blessing." And what is his taste? Examine his library, and, nine chances to one, you'll find a superabundance of printed novels!

And when we are about to lay our burdens down, to have the cross removed from our with such advice as this: "Wives, see to it that your homes are made pleasant. That weary breast, is it not sweet to know that we neatness and order prevail, that no discordance shall have rest, and far sweeter to know we are and an absence of erudite or religious books. And the papers he reads are the dailies, literally stuffed with sensationalism of all sorts. Pah this critical cant over popular literature is literally "played out." The great and pleasing influence of the popular paper is confessed and estab lished as one of those facts which only the stupid and bigoted ignore.

-Mrs. H. F. P. writes to complain of the dis crepancy of wages as clerks paid in the stores to men and women. She is a saleswoman in a large dry-goods house and gets just twelve dollars a week, while men who are no better clerks get twenty. That there is great inequality in wages is very true, but we think women err in the ra tionale of the matter. It is not true, we are assured by those who hire women, that they are as efficient as men, save in exceptional cases. The number of women who are strong and really ablebodied, and who are promptly at their counters every week day of the month, is very small. The number of "necessary absences" among female clerks is so great that such establishments as Stewart's hire a considerable percentage more than a working force, in order to provide for these absentees. With men it is entirely different. Their steady labor is demanded and given; they learn the business to follow it for life, whe ther they are married or unmarried; but a woman learns it only to abandon it as soon as she marries. This it is-the woman's want of true commercial value-which makes the discrepancy in

It is our Mr. Whitehorn who, writing pathetically about growing old, "gets off" this kuminous paragraph:

"How well do I remember the rose-tint of romance that brightened the white mists that vailed the portals of the future, that seemed so far off that my aspiring young heart, that beat high with high hopes that-let's see: where am I? I'm blest if I know."

Which is a model in its way (as it doubtless was designed to be) of how to say nothing. We have many a manuscript submitted whose syntax is just as abominable as this, and not always from novices in writing for the press. Many popular writers sling in adjectives and pronouns with a wonderful disregard of good style and correct expression. It is a most excellent practice for authors to revise their own productions. If that was done, as a rule, it would spare the manuscript reader and editor much labor of excision. The number of thats extracted in the course of a month would frighten a professor of mathematics if he was told to extract their square root.

SERMONETTE.

IV. "If you've any thing to give, That another's joy may live, Give it."

I offen wonder if the men-folks love to rummage over things as much as we more do-mestic creatures do? I wonder if they like to haul over articles, and, when the work is done, heave a sigh that there are no more things to rummage over?

Grandma Lawless and I went up in the garret the other day to look through her old adornments, and the disappointment which clothes chest, and such a sight of dresses and followed the failure of commendation then has the best of my recollection I never served wearing apparel I haven't seen for an age.

hum the lines that head this article.

"Grandma!" said I, "what is the use looking over these things, year in and year out? You don't want to wear any of them any more. Why not give them to some poor person who would be glad of them? You'll not be any worse off for your charitable deed, and some one else will be much better, as well as happier. It will make another's joy live, and it's nothing more than the duty we owe to those less fortunate than ourselves."

I had a nice time cutting over and altering those garments until I began to love the selfimposed task. I might have got through my work sooner if I had only held a sewing-circle. but those scandal, gossiping, backbiting and reputation-killing affairs I detest and despise. Strong language and weak tea are what you will find the definition of sewing-circles to be in the "Lawless" dictionary. I sha'n't say any other's burdens, rather than cast all blame up-more on that head, for it might spoil the sale of on either one, all responsibility, and of assummy dictionary.

There used to rest on my mantelpiece a little toy, valued because it was given to me by one, whose bright blue eyes have long been closed in sleep under the daisies. Well, every week a poor little girl came to our house for a bit of our help, and eagerly did she always gaze on that toy, as though she wished to possess it. I then thought how willing grandma was to give up her clothes "that another's joy might live," and it struck me that Eve was selfish to keep back the toy that would so gladden a child's Though it caused me many a pang to part with it, I conquered my feelings and let it

Was it not better to let the child have it, and if the spirit of our departed ones are allowed to rest upon us—would not his spirit feel pleased at what I had done? In life, it was his delight to make the hearts of others happy; and if his toy could bring one spark of sun-shine into a clouded life, it would have been just wicked of me to do contrary to what I did.

Now are not some of you withholding what will give others joy? You may have articles you do not need put away, hoarding them up because you are loth to part with what once belonged to the dead; still, it is better to give them to the living. You will feel as though you were doing as the departed ones would have wanted you to do. It is no disrespect to and rugged trees growing around it. the dead, and you are over sensitive if you think it is so.

These little joys we can give others are so it is a great mystery to me why we are not more lavish of them, and why we want them all given to ourselves, and are so miserly as not to wish our neighbors to have any portion of them. The cruel words and inuendoes we say against our fellow travelers will neither make them or us one whit happier, but the kindly ones will never pass from their memories. We may forget the good we do, but not the good that's done for us. If you haven't clothes or money to give the poor, don't begrudge them a kind word. Surely, that isn't much to ask of you, and it will certainly bring in a rich reward, if not in this life, it certainly will in the next; but we rarely, if ever, think of that, although we most assuredly should do so.

Perhaps I have these strange feelings for the poor because I have been thrown more among them than the rich, and know their feelings keener than some others can do. I know they want kindness, so, my dear friends, think of them as brothers and sisters, and if you have any thing to give, give it, but give it with a kindly hand. EVE LAWLESS.

TWO SIDES TO THE QUESTION.

WHY is it that newspaper editors of all degrees never have a vacant corner requiring a half-dozen lines of copy, but they fill it in with some such advice as this: "Wives, see to shoulders, the tired hands clasped over the jars upon the understanding, that yourself and your children be always habited tastefully, that above all you meet your husband, return ing harassed and weary and heavy-hearted, it may be, from the trials of his day's business, with a smiling countenance and pleasant word which shall turn aside his burden and make nim thankful for possessing such a home

Oh, ye wives and mothers, who draw your eves away from such a paragraph with a sigh and a darkening of the discontent which has drawn lines in once patient and comely faces, which has sharpened tempers and features at and marked that little paradise of an humble home so charmingly drawn by the editor's facile pen as an illusion which never exsted and never will exist except in such tranquil words, or in the fool's paradise of lovers' maginations. What visions come up of exertions discontinued long ago! Of long forbearance, of struggling against the deadening sense of unappreciated effort, of self-subduings never recognized, of a growing crust of indifference and of rebellious and bitter thoughts gaining an ascendancy, never touched or swept away by the magic of a loving husband's sympathy. It is all well to teach woman's duty to her master, man, but would it not also be well to out in an occasional word on the other side of he question? Would it not be well to ask if the means of making home bright and pleasant are always placed within the power of the wife? How many self-asserting husbands are there who consider it incumbent upon their lignity to manifest the supremacy of their mastery in all those little ways which destroy the equality between them, and degrade the wife in her own mind by always keeping alive the fact that she is only the merest creature of his will. How many come home from their day's

work and no sooner put a foot upon their own thresholds than they shut themselves in a chilling, somber cloud! They have been perplexed during the day. There have been little annoyances, slights or disagreements, passed over at the time and pressed out of mind by the swift, steady flow of business, put aside be-cause, forsooth! it would seem beneath manly dignity to evidence the rankling displeasure they have occasioned there in the presence of fellow-workmen or employees; but it is not beneath manly dignity to darken the hour of home-coming with their recurrence and the rooding resentment which may be cherished to any obtrusive degree there in the home sanctuary. It is beneath manly dignity to discuss business matters or consult upon them with the wife meeting him there, to question kindly of her cares during the day, or to propose a recreation which may be mutually shared after their different degrees of trial, but it is not beneath that same manly dignity to decry whatever may be amiss in the household with such little tact or such total lack of all consideration as to plant quick resentment in the wife's breast. He has his evening paper and absorbs its contents in the same gloomy silent mood. There was once a time when she planned little surprises, and took time and trouble and expended all her taste in quiet I merged into the sullen despondency which three terms in the Lunatic Asylum. didn't say much at first, and grandma somewhat meets his coldly-spoken reprimand now. If

wondered at it because I am so seldom silent. She desired to know what I was thinking about. I scarcely knew myself, so I commenced to hum the lines that head this article.

home proves itself too unattractive, he strolls out after dinner to his club or to the theater, and puts on his pleasanter mood for the benefit of the passing acquaintances he meets there, the heart to deny; but when they are leaves I lands fit of the passing acquaintances he meets there, the heart to deny; but when they say I was only to be put off again when the two shadows once a prominent cannibal in the Feejee Islands meet and mingle-his home and his coming my blood boils.

> is with almost a guilty sense of neglecting some duty by taking the time, so constant are her cares and the requirements exacted from her. Her evening recreations are few and far between, and even the interest of the paper fails, she is so far removed from the doings of the world and the people of whom she reads.

> It is the wrong system, whose roots strike so ong and deep that no quick reformation can compass them, working at variance in these clouded homes. It is the different way taken by each, the wide estrangement, the failure to reciprocate each other's feelings and to bear with each other's failings and lighten each other's burdens, rather than cast all blame upng and feeling a martyrdom each which results in worse than indifference, in recrimination thought or spoken, in a wider widening of he breach, in cherishing and nourishing the familiar demons which never exist in happy hearts and happy homes.

> Two sides to the question! and most often the wife's well-meant and patient efforts have been worn out, her timid outreachings of affection cast back upon themselves, and her tired spirit bent and broken before utter hopelessness of the case is reached—if it ever be reached, indeed! Mutual ties can not quite be broken asunder and cast away, and while one renains there exists the chance of a better understanding and a happier change. Alas that so few find it!
>
> J. B. B.

God pity him who has no home, and is but a waif drifting about in the great ocean of life. Yes, we ought to pity him, for he has need of our pity. Yet, when we do have a home, how little do we value it! We only know what a lessing it is when we lose it. Wandering through foreign lands, surrounded by every luxury and enjoyment, our hearts will long to return to the home and scenes of our early days even if they are only a rough hut and wild

Michael may have more justice done to him in America than in Ireland; he may have bet-ter pay; he may have no fear of the visit of the numerous, and the calls for them so many, that it is a great mystery to me why we are not more may love his adopted country as much as any one born under our bright starry banner, but his thoughts will go "over the sea," to the "land of the shamrock," and fondly will he ling to it. Ireland may be full of its persecu tions, but it is home, and can we blame him for loving it, or for the tears that will start at the sicture of some loved spot wherein he used to tray when but a "bit of a boy?"

Rev. Elijah Kellogg says, in his "Turning of the Tide": "I tell you, no other place ever seems like the one where you played when you

Again, a certain family had met with a reverse of circumstances and had to leave the dear old homestead. It was hard to leave it and all its memories and, as they are turning from the spot, Mr. Rellogg puts these words in-to the mouth of one of the speakers: "I tell you, the sound of the bolt going into its place, when he locked the door, gave me the heart ache"-a volume in a sentence.

As there is no dearer place than home, so is there no malady equal to homesickness, and for which there seems to be no panacea. We should strive to make homes for ourselves, and so fill them with sunshine and happiness that we shall always want to cling to them.

going home, where parting shall be unknown, where we no more shall be buffeted about by strife and turmoil? Then let us so live, that when we feel death approaching, he will have no terrors for us, for we shall know "we're going home to die no more."

Foolscap Papers.

As a Presidential Candidate. For many years I have refused to be a candidate for the White House. I have at last consented.

Yielding to the repeated solicitations, and the unanimously universal calls of my brother n-law, I put my card last week in the Mireopolis Disturber (weekly), and it reads thus:

"FOR PRESIDENT, IN 1876, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN. gned,) The People of the U. S." (Signed,) I am the most Independent candidate ever iscovered since the invention of Presidents. To make myself safe and doubly sure of election I shall run on all kinds of tickets, no mat er what they are. I am a Republican and a

Democrat, a Prohibitionist and a con-hibitionst. I shall be on all sides. I came out on my own hook and I don't expect Nobody knows how much money I haven't

got, and I expect to spend the last dollar of it but what I will be elected with an overwhelm ing majority or minority—I don't care which. I expect to make the biggest run on record

for President. I know all about running. I have run for a dry-goods house. I have for my life several times, and have very often run for the doctor. I shall run so fast this time that it would be

very bad if another candidate ran against me. for he will be sure to run off the track and upset his chances. I intend to set immediately to work and can rass the whole of the United States-it will

take a good deal of canvas, I admit, more really than all of Barnum's canvas; but I shall not spare any pains or credit to make it a good job I want it understood that I go in for Reform I began that trade at home-one of the worst laces to reform. I know that my enemies will circulate a thousand false reports on me which I have

been ashamed of ever since, and have lived to repent, but I will deny right here that I ever murdered my great-grandfather's aunt or was ever hung for taking that other fellow's horse, this last report I have heard frequently); neither was I drowned by a vigilante committee for setting a house afire and burning six children Neither did I serve a life-sentence in the

penitentiary for making a little mistake in the matter of a name once on a piece of paper and on my word and honor as a gentleman and a man of veracity, I was never shot dead for desertion in the United States army. No, sir. If I ever have died a drunkard's death at any

time, it has slipped my mind. Some enthusiastic men have been going

I am well aware that every little mean act I If the wife looks into the evening paper, it ever did in my life will be resurrected, (and most of the big ones, I am sorry to say); but I hope the good people will not believe a word of them; that's what I am anxious about the

most—indeed I am very much concerned.

Very soon my voice will be heard all over the United States. I am getting a trumpet made through which I shall speak, and I can say that it will make my lightest thought so

oud that it will be heard for miles arour I shall be the popular candidate of all nationalities. America is my native land, though was born in England, came into this world in France, started in life in Germany, was brought up as a Scotchman, and knocked down once or an Irishman.

I will be the favorite of the working-classes, for I am proud to say that is the way I got my start; my father was a working man; he left me his hard, honest earnings, and if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be so well off now.

The rich will support me—or at least I hope they will; they could if they would. I can depend on the farmers, too. I have depended on one for a good while—too long,

Since my earlier days I have never expected to be a candidate for the Presidency; but the Union must be preserved, and the best man to do it would be difficult to distinguish from me.

I hope my coming out will not prevent the hundred or so other candidates from coming out also, but I would like to get every voter in the land to vote for me first, and then they can vote afterwards for whom they please—that is all I would ask, and each one of my friends can regulate his votes for me.

If I am elected (and I have no earthly doubt of it if every thing turns out right) I shall try and favor all parties and classes.

I shall abolish all jails. There are some people to whom these institutions are obnoxious shall remember them. I expect a strong vote in that direction, and nobody shall ever be hung unless he truly thinks that is the only way he

I shall maintain the dignity of America, and if George Francis Train is refused a seat in the English House of Lords, I will declare war, and England will be Trained in the way she should go anywheres, and she will get severely spanked

Agents wanted in all parts of the country. Contributions to the cause can begin to be addressed to Washington Whitehorn.

Woman's World.

STREET CHAT AND HOME TALK.

Wax flowers are now called into requisition to trim the new winter bonnet. The large red roses worn are all of wax.

A new style of collar, said to be intended for gentlemen, is the nearest approach to the kind worn by "end men" in minstrel companies we

Velvet walking costumes imported this fall are very elegant. They are made something in the redingote style, and the trimming is usually feather and rich lace.

Brown corduroy jackets, made double-breasted with deep collar and revers, will be fashionable next winter. They have no trimming save a double row of large bronze buttons.

Artificial flowers are now used to decorate

ball-rooms, parlors and halls on festive occasions. They are cheaper than natural exotics look quite as well, and have not an oppressive

A new way of preserving autumn leaves is to iron them fresh with a warm (not hot) iron, on which some spermaceti has been lightly rub-This method preserves all the tints to

In Paris black silk costumes for the house are made with pointed waist and a single trailng skirt. On this and the waist is raised embroidery in orange silk floss representing pine apples and acorns. This new style of irimming dresses is said to be very beautiful and effective.

Ear-rings made of English sovereigns are the latest novelty in jewelry. They hang from the ear from a fine gold chain fastened to the hook, and are quite pretty. Necklaces of sovereigns are also introduced, also bracelets of the same, the coins being sewed on a wide band of black

The present style of wearing the hair is to have a single narrow chatelaine braid down the back of the head, with two or three short puffs on top, and a crown braid in front. The back hair is still combed up from the nape of the neck, but its bare look is taken away by the chatelaine braid.

Since the panic has caused the reduction in dry goods, the ladies have been indulging the feminine proclivity of admiring, overhauling, and purchasing cheap goods. It is a noticeable fact that although the money market is tight, and there is a prospect of a hard winter, financially, the stores are unusually crowded and the ladies appear extremely eager to pur chase. The report that there are any chean goods at any shop is sufficient to draw crowds women, who, afflicted with the mania of Mrs. Toodles, can not resist the bargain. Dry goods clerks were never busier than at present Women throng the stores, captivated with the peautiful articles so greatly reduced; and if they hesitate to buy, they beg samples and of the coveted goods to carry home, that their friends may be surprised with the low

The crowds in the dollar-stores, and at the counters of trumpery in our large fancy estabishments, show the love of women for pur chasing articles because they are cheap. quantities of imitation jewelry sold, and the discolored, dilapidated ear-rings, brooches, and rubbish of this sort, known as "French," found in the possession of fashionable femininity, exposes their propensity for buying trash. sailors that go from house to house with short lengths of smuggled linen, poplins, and spurious brocades, find ready customers in women, who purchase for the sake of getting a bar gain, and find they have made an investment about as useless as the famous Thompsonian door-plate. Shop windows that display goods marked with their prices are always swarming with women-gazers. Storekeepers well under stand beguiling the feminine heart with tempt ing odds and ends, which fascinate through the plate-glass, and are marked low as decoy ducks to allure the gazers inside. In these times it behoves women with frenzies for cheap goods to consider the labor necessary to earn the dollars they expend in ties, ruffs, and articles "reduc-Or, better still, dispense with every su perfluous thing in the matter of trimmings, and let your own fingers fashion your garments!

How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening neart. How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more.

Readers and Contributors.

fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavail-able MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, apon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compe-sitor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its fole or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of newtt. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popatributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

No manuscript reports this week. P. F. The English call all grain "corn." HENRY R. Miss Neilson is an Englishwoman.

ZETA. The steam fire-engine is a patent. There are, ndeed, several kinds—all patents. Miss B. K. We believe dry-goods are destined to a great fall in price—particularly imported fabrics.

Worker. We can give you no advice but this: if you can not get work at your own price obtain the best wages you can; don't refuse a fair offer. EMILY GRANT. Grace Greenwood is a married wo-man, but does not, we believe, live with her husband—a Mr. Lippincott. She supports herself wholly by the labor of her pen, it is said, and a good support it is.

BOY-HUNTER. Kaffir-land is in South Africa. The diamond diggings are in the region of the Kaffirs, and large numbers of the natives are hired workers in the diggings, as well as Bushmen and Hottentots. They are not such "low" savages as has been represented. ot such "low" savages as has been represented.

Sore Eyes. If cas-light hurts your eyes, substitute a kerosene lamp, with a ground glass globe. The following is a good eye-wish: half an onnee of rock salt and one ounce of dry sulphate of zinc; simmer in a perfectly clean, covered porcelain vessel with three pints of water until all is dissolved; strain through thick muslin, and add one ounce of rose-water; bottle and cork it tight. To use it, mix one teaspoonful of clear rain-water with one teaspoonful of the prepared eye-water, and bathe the eyes, if weak, frequently. If it smarts too much, add more water; if not enough, make it slightly stronger by adding more eye-water. This is said to be an admirable wash for weak eyes; one that can not be excelled.

Byron B. L. The trepang is the sea-slug or sea-cucumber, satted and dried. It is eaten as a great delicacy by the Chinese; the price given for the fluer morsels being forty dellars per picul of 123½ pounds. Trepang forms an important branch of the Chinese trade, and thousands gain their living by collecting it, principally along the eastern Indian archipelago.

Olla R. The Romans had a law known as the Lex

Ong the eastern moian archipelago.

OLLA R. The Romans had a law known as the Lex brehia, which limited the number and quality of the ishes at an entertainment. The supper was the leading Roman meal; the same law commanded the doors of very house to be left open while that meal was being aten. A law now limiting the number of dishes at an attertainment would excite a howl of vengeance and ismay.

dismay.

WATERBURY. Having sold your MS., and it being first published and copyrighted by other parties, your property interest in it ceases. The matter, thereafter, can be used by that copyright owner as he pleases, all though, in a suit, in equity, you might possibly recover for any use of the matter other than what the same was sold for or intended.

ELLA. The word "either" never means "both." We know a very common form of expression is—"On either side of the way"—meaning on both sides; and good writers are using the word in this mistaken sense; but, it is a grave mistake, nevertheless, in correct expression. "Either" is one or the other—not both.

F. R., Jr. Terra del Fuego was so called because of the coast fires of the natives which Magellan saw as he sailed through the straits which now bear his name.— As the ships sail it is about 2,000 miles to Liverpool from New York.—The serials named ran through from 10 to 15 numbers of the JOURNAL.

LEAN KINE. We don't wonder you are one of the lean kine. To be irregular at meals, to eat hot bread, to fink considerable coffee, to eat pies and smoke more han any other man in New York, is a cumulation of unti-hygienic practices that would reduce any system to are muscle and bones. Just reverse the daily order of ood and smoke and you'll soon see a change in the adiose tissue.

CASPAR C. We believe the following statement re-CASPAR C. We believe the following statement regarding the relative strength of the several steamship lines, is correct: the Canard line transatlantic fleet numbers twenty-five, the Laman loanteen, the Anchor hirty-eight, the White Star six, the French five, National eight, Williams & Guion seven, and State line six, it will be seen that the Anchor line, one of the youngest, is now the largest. The Canard is the oldest, laying been established in 1840.

ing been established in 1840.

ALBERT. Lafayette never was "dictator" in France. He was, during two revolutions, a trusted servant of the people, and no name, to-day, is more honored in French history. He visited this country in 1824, landing in New York city (in August), and passed through; visited each of the twenty-four States that then constituted the Union as the "nation's guest." He returned home in the frigate Brandywine, manned expressly for his accommodation, on September 7, 1825.

D. L. C. All registered letters, under a new country of the second country o

D. L. C. All registered letters, under a new arrange nt, are soon to be forwarded in locked pouches, with keys kept by the post-masters only, at the places ere the letter is sent from and received.

TEA-DRINKER. The total amount of tea consumed yearly, in the United States, is estimated to be 50,000,000 pounds, divided as follows: 20,000,000 pounds green tea; 5.000,000 pounds of oolong, and the remainder Japanese. The oolong is the "black" tea of the trade. The green teas compose all the varieties of the hysons, imperial, unpowder, etc., etc.

JEWELER. In the year 1601 brooches were worn by nen as ornaments to their hats: the nobles had them of cold and jewels, the lower class of copper and iron. In he matter of jewelry we moderns really have little that is new in nature or style. STAR-GAZER. The planets have been discovered to possess the following colors: Venus—a creamy white; Mercury—a sparkling white; Mars—a deep red; Saturn—a dull yellow; and Jupiter white. These colors are due to the predominance of certain metals in the constitution of the several planets.

Torsex. Mice, not hares, can live without drinking water. Tests have been made wherein a mouse lived one year without a drop of water. Snakes can live equally long with no drink. Animals that hibernate of course drink nothing when in the condition of torpor. LADY JANE. It is not such a very uncommon circum stance to see a person possessing two perfect eyes, the one black, and the other blice or gray; we know of two of our acquaintances so circumstanced, and to descend from man to the animal we have the well-known Angora cats, which have one eye blue and the other a very decided vallow.

ONDERDONK. One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,169, taking the increase at 14 each sow, per unnum; but a pair of sheep, in the same time, will only have an increase of 64.

L. Andrews. The force exerted by the human jaw of a man is estimated as equal to a force of 534 pounds; in the jaws of animals, such as dogs, wolves, etc., the force is far greater. ARTHUR D. It is the brain and the heart of a man

that are alike insensible to the touch. As a proof of this, in the time of Harvey, a young man had his heart exposed by a disease, and Harvey handled it without his touch being felt.

A. Morris. Sound will travel through the air at the rate of 1130 to 1142 feet per second; it will affect particles of dust in a sunbeam, colwebs, and water in musical instruments; also, it shakes small pieces of paper off of a string, and by holding deal rods between their teeth persons who are very deaf can converse together in ordinary tones, by the sound being carried along the rod. Young Parson. Church organs came in general use during the 10th century; the harp of to-day was the lyre of the Greeks, and the viol of the middle ages was the same as our violin; the organ was invented by a barber of Alexandria, Egypt, 100 years B. c.

K. LANE. In the Arctic regions persons have been known to converse with ease at the distance of a mile

THEODORE SICKLES. The Saxons derived their name from their battle-axes, or seaxis.

LAWYER. The "Oh, yes! oh, yes!" of a court-crier, is a mispronunciation of the French word oyez, which means "hear ye."

means "hear ye."

SOLDIER. The Greek Phalanx consisted of 8,000 men in a square battalion, and the soldiers were trained to fight with the sword in either hand. A Roman legion consisted of 6,000 men, and the front line was composed of young men, the second line of middle-aged men, and the third line of elderly men, or "veterans." In peace the Greeks and Romans had no standing army, but in war every man was a soldier.

BRIDE. The wearing of rings is a very ancient custom. In Rome all persons of low degree were prohibite from wearing gold rings, and a license given for a mechanic so to do made a gentleman of him by Roman

OLIVER BURTON. The fate of the Cæsars in a little OLIVER BURTON. The fate of the Cæsars in a little more than 300 years is a terrible picture to contemplate — a fearful consequence of undue power, and a foreboding lesson to ambition. Their deaths were as follows: 4 were assassinated; 13 died naturally; 1 died of the plagne; 2 were poisoned; 2 committed suicide; 1 died shamefully: 1 burst an artery and died; 1 was strangled to death; 1 was drowned: 1 was burned to death; 3 were killed in conflict; 1 killed by lightning; 1 was put to death; 29 were murdered, and then the empire was divided.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

ONLY.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

Only a path through the heather: A path with the morning dew still wet, Sprinkled with daisy and violet: But 'twas there a youth and maiden met Once in the springtime weather.

Only a rose half-blown:
A rose half-blown in a maiden's hair:
But his bashful eyes as they saw it there
Sunk beneath to a face more fair
Than ever they had known.

Only a whisper low
As a murmuring brook in its tenderness;
But a whispered word may oft confees
The tale of a new-found happiness,
Such as true lovers know.

"Only a summer's delight,"
He lightly said, and quickly forgot;
But a maiden comes oft to the self-same spot,
Walting for one who "cometh not"—
And the day fades into night.

Only a grass-grown mound,
With willows above their lone watch keeping;
But beneath a maiden is softly sleeping,
And a youth with head bowed low is weeping,
While the dead leaves fall around.

RED ARROW,

WOLF DEMON The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT." "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OFFER OF THE SHAWNEE CHIEF. Boone and the chief of the Shawnees were

alone together in the Indian wigwam. The white man wondered why the Indian had dismissed his warriors. He guessed that the chief had probably something to say to him privately, and which he did not wish the others to hear; but of the nature of that communica-

tion he could not form the least idea. Ke-ne-ha-ha surveyed the prisoner for a mo-

The dim light of the fire illuminated the interior of the wigwam, so that each could plainly distinguish the face of the other.

At length the chief spoke.

"The pale-face is a great warrior in his nation—many red chiefs have fallen by his

"Yes, but it was in fair fight, man to man,"

replied the scout. The squaws of the slain braves mourn their loss—they call upon the chief of the Shawness to give them the blood of the white-skin who has stained his hand red with the blood of the Shawnee. The tears of the widowed wives fall thick upon the ground. The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is sad when he thinks of the brave warriors that the pale-face has sent to the happy hunting-grounds. Why should not the Long

Rifle die by the hand of the red-man?" "What on yearth is the use of askin' any such foolish questions?" cried Boone, impatiently. "You know very well that you're going to put an end to me, if you can. As for the blood that I've shed of your nation, I've always struck in self-defense. If any of your warriers feel aggrieved, I'm ready to meet 'em—even two to one—and give 'em all the satis-faction that they want'

faction that they want." Ke-ne-ha-ha looked at the white keenly as he uttered the bold defiance.

"Ugh! When the hunters catch the bear they do not let him go free again, nor do they let the Long Rifle go free now that they have caught him. The red chiefs will punish the warrior who has killed their brothers, without risking their lives against him. The fire is burning now before the council-lodge of the Shawnee. When it burns to-morrow the white hunter will be in its center, and the angry flames shall lap up his blood. The ashes of the Long Rifle alone shall remain to tell of the vengeance of the red chiefs." The Indian still looked with searching eyes into the face of the prisoner as he told of the manner of his death But if the Shawnee chief expected te see there the signs of fear, he was disappointed, for the

iron-like muscles of Boone's face never moved.
"Why in thunder do you want to tell a fellow that he's a goin to be roasted?" asked Boone, coolly. "Won't it be time enough for me to find out when you tie me to the stake, and I see the smoke a-rising around me?"

The Indian was evidently annoyed that his words had not made more impression upon the

'The white skin does not fear death, then?' the chief asked. "Yes, I do," answered Boone; "I fear it like thunder. Just you let me loose once, and see how I'll run from it. Lightning will be a fool

The joking manner of the scout puzzled the d warrior. He knitted his brows for a mored warrior. ment, as if in deep thought. Then again he

spoke.
"The white chief is a great warrior. What would be give to escape the fire-death of the Shawnees?

Boone couldn't exactly understand the meaning of the chief's words, though the question that he asked seemed plain enough.

"Well chief," Boone said, after pausing for a moment, as if deliberating upon his answer, "life is sweet; a man would give almost anything for life. But the question with me now is, what can I give?"
"Yourself," said the chief, laconically.

"Eh?" Boone could not understand.
"The white chief is a great brave; he has put to death many great chiefs. If he will become a son of the Shawnee nation, the warriors will forget what he has done, and will look forward to what he will do."

Boone was considerably astonished at the words of the chief, although this was not the first time in the course of his eventful life that the Indians had endeavored to get him to join that formed the walls of the wigwam.

with them.

A few minutes more and Boone, despite the

"Become a Shawnee, eh?"
"Yes," answered the chief.

"Then the Shawnees will not burn me?"

"But if I refuse?" To-morrow's sun will rise upon your

death."
"If I become one of your tribe, what am I expected to do?"

'Take the war-path with the Shawnee braves against the white-skins," answered the chief.
"That is, betray the men who speak n

tongue—who are my brothers—into the hands of your people?" "Yes," replied the chief; "my brother speaks

with a straight tongue."
"I'll see you hanged first!" muttered Boone, indignantly, to himself, but he was careful not to let the speech reach the ears of the Indian. He fully understood the dangerous position that fate had placed him in, and the thought flashed through his mind that if he could describe the property of the could describe the could describe the property of the could describe the coul ceive the savages by pretending to accept their offer, he might delay his execution-gain time, and possibly, through some lucky chance, con-

Boone had been fully as near to death before, been crying all night, I reckon. I spoke Injun-

of the great Shawnee tribe.

"How long will you give me to think over this proposal that you make me?" Boone ask-ed. "You know a man can't change his country and his color as easily as to pull off a coat and put on a hunting-shirt."

The Indian thought for a moment over the question of the secut. Bound securely as he was; surrounded, too, by the Shawnee warriors, escape was impossible. There was little danger in delaying the sentence of the white-skin. Will until to-merrow suit my brother?"

asked the chief.
"Te-morrow?" said Boone; then to his mind came the thought that, before that morrow came, something might transpire to aid him to escape. "Well, until to-morrow will do, though it's a mighty short time for a man to make up his mind on such a ticklish ques-tion as this is."

"To-morrow then my brother will say whether he will become a Shawnee or be burnt at the stake to appease the unquiet souls of the brave warriors that his hand has sent to the

happy hunting-grounds?"
"Yes," answered Boone, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." But, even as he spoke, in his heart he prayed that some lucky accident might aid him ere the night was

"It is good," replied the chief, gravely.
"Let my brother open his ears. The chief of
the Shawnees would talk more."
"Go ahead, chief," said Boone, who won-

dered what was coming next. "My brother is a great warrior; he has fought the Shawnees many times—fought also the Mingoes, the Delawares and the Wyandots. Many a red chief has leveled his rifle full at the heart of the white brave, but the bullet was turned aside by the 'medicine' of my bro-

ther. Is the chief a medicine-man?"

Boone understood the superstition of the Indians. He saw, too, that possibly he might use the belief of being invulnerable against rifle-ball to aid him in this desperate strait.

"The chief will be silent if I speak?" Boone

and yet escaped to tell of it. He did not de-spair even now, though a prisoner in the midst back to the settlement and promised all sorts of

"She'll be quite ready then to look upon me in the light of a deliverer, I suppose," said Murdock, a smile lighting up his sallow fea-

All you've got to do is to go in and win,'

said Bob, with a grin.
"That is just what I intend to do," replied Murdock, enjoying his triumph in anticipation. "By the way, are they making any row in the settlement over the girl's disappearance? asked Benton, carelessly.

"Yes, all the settlers have been scouring the forest since last night when her absence was discovered," answered Murdock.

"And her father—the old General—what does he say about it?" "He is nearly erazy over the disappearance of his daughter. I nearly felt pity for the old man, but I consoled myself by thinking how great his joy would be, when I brought his daughter back to him, and how glad he would be to receive as his son-in-law the man who, at the peril of his life, rescued her from the murdering red-skins.

Murdock smiled grimly as he spoke.

"Well, dog my cats if it ain't as good as a show," said Bob, with a laugh all over his huge, ugly face, at the idea. "I shall have to be round to witness the interesting meeting.

"Yes; you must make yourself scarce as soon as I take the girl off, for you'll have the whole country on your trail. Of course I shall have to describe where I found her."

"But, s'pose they do come arter us, how kin we kiver up the trail?" asked Bob. "Oh, easy enough," replied Murdock; "the noment you strike the trail on the other bank of the Kanawha, who can tell whether you go up or down? There's too many fresh marks on it for any one to be able to pick out ours."

"There isn't any danger," said Benton, calm-

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't like any more danger than I've got to scratch through," observed Bob, and to do him justice he spoke the truth. Bob's reputation for bravery was not particularly good among the settlers of "The heart of Ke-ne-ha-ha is like the pools | Point Pleasant."

out of sight with the glrl; then make your way back to the settlement," said Murdock.

"All right," replied Bob, while Benton silently nodded his head. Then Murdock left the two and took a circle through the wood which would bring him to the back of the cabin. Bob watched Murdock until he was out of

sight; then he turned, abruptly, to Benton.
"Say, got any more corn-juice?" he asked.
"No," replied Benton, in a surly way. "That's a pity," said Bob, reflectively.
"What did you want to go and drink it all

up for?" asked Benton, indignantly. Benton that morning had produced a large flask of whisky, and left it with Bob while he went off to shoot a squirrel for breakfast. On his return he found that Bob had drank up the entire contents of the flask and was in a drunken slumber. He had just awakened out of it when Murdock came.

"It was 'tarnal good corn-juice," said Bob, smacking his lips at the remembrance.
"Weh, you didn't leave any for me to taste, so I don't know whether it was or not," said

Benton, in ill-humor.
"You didn't come back, an' I make a p'int never to let whisky spile when I'm 'round to

drink it up," explained Bob.
"The next time you get any of my whisky to drink, I reckon you'll know it," said Benton,

significantly "Well, you needn't get riled at a feller," replied Bob.
From where the two stood they commanded

a view of the cabin. Their astonishment was great when they beheld Murdock come from behind the cabin in evident agitation. He stopped before the door of the loghouse, which was fastened on the outside by a rude bar—Murdock's device to prevent the escape of the prisoner. Then he beckoned for the two to come to him.

Astonished, they obeyed the gesture. Evi-

dently something was the matter.
"Who saw the girl this morning?" demanded Murdock, when they approached.

"I did," responded Benton.
"At what time?"

"Just after sunrise."



"Hullo! who's this, eh? Hain't been gettin' a husband since I've been away have you?"

of the Scioto-cast a stone into them, it sinks to the bottom and remains there. So shall the words of my brother sink into my heart." 'I am a medicine-man.

And bullet can not harm my brother? "No," said Boone, impressively; "not if I keep out of its way," he added, to himself.
The Indian looked at Boone for a moment in

silence; a slight expression of awe was in his face. Then the chief came nearer to the old scout, and in a solemn tone, spoke "Has the white-skin ever heard of the Wolf

Demon of the Shawnees ?" Yes," answered the scout, somewhat sur-

"The Wolf Demon is the scourge of the Shawnee tribe. Many brave warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the monster, and on their breasts he leaves his totem—a Red Arrow. Ke-ne-ha-ha is the great chief of the Shawnee nation; scalps hang thick in the smoke of his wigwam; he is not afraid of man or demon. But the scourge of the Shawnees fears to meet a warrior unless he is alone in the forest. Ke-ne-ha-ha has sought for the Wolf Demon, but he can not find him. The red chief would kill the monster that uses the totem of the Red Arrow. If my brother is a medicine-man, can he not tell me where I may find the Wolf Demon?"

"I can not," answered Boone.
The chief looked disappointed.
"The red-man is sorry. He will see his brother in the morning." Then the chief stalked, moodily, from the lodge. For an hour or more Boone remained in sience. The fire in the center of the lodge burnt

out and darkness surrounded the scout. Then to the keen ear of the woodman came the sound of a knife cutting through the skins

gloom of the wig wam, could see that a dark form stood by his side. The scout knew in an instant that it was a

friend. He thought it either Lark or Kenton that had so aptly come to his assistance.

CHAPTER XIV. A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

On the morning following the day on which the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop, had been shot down in the little ravine by the Kanawha river, and Virginia was carried off by the villainous tools of Clement Murdock, to the lonely cabin on the other bank of the stream to that on which the settlement of Point Pleasant was located, Murdock again stood before the cabin. The stranger, Benton, and the drunken vagabond, Bob Tierson, had remained by the cabin, still wearing their Indian dis-

"How does the girl bear it?" Muraock asked, on joining the others. The three stood
within the wood just beyond the little clearing.
"Oh, well enough," answered Benton. "I
took her in some breakfast this morning. She's
took her in some breakfast this morning. She's
"Oh, it will work easy enough," said Bob.

"Did-they discover the body of the young man that you knocked over with your rifle?" asked Benton.

"No," replied Murdock, and a slight bit of uneasiness was plainly perceptible in his tone.
"No?" said Benton, astonished. "No," again said Murdock, "and I am some-

what puzzled to account for it too. The searching parties must have passed through the ra-vine, it is so near the settlement. I can not understand it at all. I am sure that he was dead when we left him. You examined him,

Bob. Did he show any signs of life?"
"Nary sign," replied Bob, emphatically. But
Bob's examination of the body of the man who had fallen by the bullet of Murdock's rifle, had been but a slight one, and Bob was not likely to be a very close observer or be able to decide between life and death in a doubtful case.

'I can not understand it," said Murdock, absently. He was indeed sorely puzzled by the strange circumstance. The thought had oc-curred to him that, possibly, the shot that he had aimed with such deadly intent at the hear of his rival might have failed to accomplish the death of the young stranger. Perhaps his rival still lived and might attempt to from him the prize that he had toiled so to gain The thought was wormwood to him, yet he had brooded over it all the way through the forest, thought of little else from the time he left the settlement at Point Pleasant till he stood before the lonely cabin by the Kanawha. "He may have escaped death, but yet I do not see how it can possibly be. I am sure I hit him fairly, and I do not often have to fire twice at one

'Why, thar ain't a doubt but what he's gone under," cried Bob.
"But I do not understand how it is that the

settlers in searching for the girl did not come upon his body," said Murdock.

"It is strange," observed Benton. "Jist as easy as rollin' off a log," said Bob.
"What is?" questioned Murdock.

"The reason why they didn't find him." " Is there a reason?" replied Bob, confidently. "Of course," "Didn't you tumble him over just before nightfall?"

"Yes,"
"Well, do you s'pose the wolves would let
him lay there all night? No, sir."
"The wolves, possibly, may have made
away with the body, but yet the bones would

remain," Murdock said, thoughtfully.
"Why, no," said Bob, "the wolves would naturally drag the body off into the woods and the bones would be left that!"

Murdock breathed easier after this possible solution of the mystery. He had had a dread-ful suspicion that he might see again in the lesh the man whose life he had tried to take

"And you have watched the cabin since then ?' "No, I was off in the woods for a little while.

"But you remained," Murdock said, turning to Bob; "you watched the cabin in his absence?" "Of course I did," responded Bob, stoutly.
"I never took my eyes off of it." Considering that he had been fast asleep for about two

hours, of which time Benton had been away, Bob told his story with a good grace. "I can not understand it," muttered Murdock, an angry cloud upon his brow. "The door is secure; the log behind, just as I left it." "Why, what's the matter, Clem?" Bob, who saw plainly that something had gone wrong, though what it was, he could not

Look for yourselves," cried Murdock, angrily, throwing open the door of the cabin as

Eagerly the two looked in. The cabin was empty! The girl was gone!

With blank faces the three looked at each

The girl had been spirited out of their hands by some means, but how, they could not tell. There was no possible solution to this mystery. No way by which the girl could escape, and yet she was gone. Vanished without leaving a trace of the manner of her escape. Murdock was beaten, but how or by whom he could not even guess.

CHAPTER XV. THE RENEGADE'S DAUGHTER.

By the northern bank of the Kanawha, ome five miles from the settlement of Point Pleasant, stood a lonely cabin. A little clear-

ing surrounded it.

The cabin was situated about half a mile from the broad trail leading from Point Pleasant to the Virginia settlements. A narrow foot-path led from the broad trail

to the lonely cabin, but so little was it used and so dense had grown the weeds and rank grass of the forest about it, that it would almost have required the practiced eye of the savage, or his rival in woodcraft, the white borderer, to have discovered the existence of

the path.

The cabin itself, though situated far rom the line of civilization, showed evident signs of human occupation.

from their native fastness, twined and bloomed about the rough logs that formed the walls of the cabin. And with the wild children of the wood grew red and white roses, the floral gems that art had plucked from nature A little garden patch, that showed plainly the traces of careful tending, was on the fur-

The wild vines of the forest, transplanted

ther side of the cabin and extended down near to the bank of the Kanawha. This lonely cabin, far off in the wild woods, remote from civilization, was the home of the "I'd blow out my brains strange, wayward girl, whom the settlers at first," cried the girl, angrily.

"I hope so; you had better wait till I get Point Pleasant called Kanawha Kate, and whom the red chiefs, in their fanciful way, termed the "Queen of the Kanawha."

In the interior of the lonely cabin a strange

cene presented itself to view. On a rude couch of deer-skins lay a man. He was moaning, helplessly, as if in great pain. The shirt that covered his manly breast was

stained with blood. From the position in which the wounded man lay—on his side, with his face buried in the folds of the deer-skin—his features were concealed from view, yet from the pallor of the little part of his face that was visible, it was evident that the man had been stricken nigh to

By the side of the suffering man knelt the brown-cheeked beauty, Kanawha Kate. Anxiously she bent over the stricken man.

A little cup of the muddy water from the Kanawha was by her side, and with her hands, wet with the discolored drops, she bathed the feverish temples of the wounded man.

Tender as a mother nursing her first-born, the girl laved the hot flesh.

As the cooling touch of the wet, brown hand passed softly over his temples, it seemed to ease the pain that racked the muscular limbs.

The rigid lines of the face, distorted by the agony of pain, grew soft. The moans of anguish were stilled. The simple treatment of the girl was relieving the torture felt by the stranger.

Eagerly the girl watched the face, and smiled when she saw the muscles relax and the pain-

ful breathing become low and regular.
"He will not die!" she cried, in joy, but barely speaking above a whisper, for fear of dis-

turbing her patient.

"He will live and owe that life to me. Oh! what joy in the thought!" Then in a few moments she remained silent, watching the pale face before her with many a long, loving look. Few of the settlers at Point Pleasant who had seen Kanawa Kate roaming the forest, rifle in hand—as good a woodman as any one among them—would have guessed that, within the heart of the forest-queen was a world of tenderness and love.

They had seen her bring down the brown deer with a single shot, wing an eagle in his airy circle in the sky and bring the kingly bird tumbling to earth; had seen her when the Ohio, lashed into white, crested waves by the mad winds, bid defiance to the boldest boatman to dare to cross it, launch her dug-out and fear-lessly commit herself to the mercy of the dash-

How could they guess that with the dauntless courage of a lion, she also possessed the tender and loving heart of a woman? But so it was. "It was Heaven that sent me to his aid," she murmured, gazing fondly on the white face. "How beautiful he is; how unlike the rough fellows in yonder settlement," and the girl's lip

curled contemptuously as she spoke. "He is a king to them. Oh! what would I not give to win his love; but that thought is folly. I am despised by all; but no, there is one who speaks fairly to and thinks kindly of me—Virginia Treveling. She has a noble heart. She is the only one in yonder settlement who has not treated me with scorn, and yet other's way." Mournful was the voice of the girl as the words came from her lips; serrow-

ful was the look upon her face. "It is a hopeless passion that I am nourishing in my heart. I must not love him, for I can never hope to win a return of that love."
Sadly she looked upon the wounded man.
A footfall outside the cabin attracted her at-

tention. Quickly she bounded to her feet and seized the rifle that hung over the rude fire-place. Then she stood still and listened. place. Then she stood still and listened.
"Who can it be that seeks the home of the outcast girl?" she murmured, as with eager

ears, every sense on the alert, she listened.

"Can it be one of the settlers from Point Pleasant? No; but few of them know of my seek it. Is it a red-skin? No; I would not have heard his footfall if he comes in malice." Then the girl heard the sound of footsteps

approaching the house. approaching the house.

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl suddenly, as a thought flashed through her mind; "perhaps it is his foes coming to seek him," and her glance was on the wounded man as she spoke. If so, they had better have sought the den of the wolf, or the nest of the rattlesnake than my abin. They must kill me before they shall harm him.

when a bold knock sounded on the door.
"Who is there?" cried Kate. The door—a heavy one, braced strongly—was barred on the inside, and was fully stout enough to defy the strength of a dozen men,

Hardly had the speech come from her lips

'Open and you will see," responded a hoarse The girl started when the tones fell upon her

"Can it be he?" she muttered, and wonder was in her voice.
"Why don't you answer, gal?" exclaimed the voice of the stranger. "Don't you know

me, or have you forgotten your own flesh and "It is my father," she murmured, but there was little love in the tones.

Then, without further parley she unbarred the door. It swung back slowly on its rusty hinges and a tall, powerful-built man, clad in a deer-skin garb fashioned after the Indian style, sentered the room.

entered the room.

The stranger was the same man whom we

have seen in the Shawnee village, Girty's companion, by name David Kendrick.

He, too, like Girty, was execrated by the settlers. An adopted son of the great Shawnee nation, with his red brothers he had stained his hands in the blood of the men whose skins

were white like his own. There was little love expressed in the face of There was little love expressed in the face of Kate as she looked upon her father, for the renegade, Kendrick, bore that relation to her, though by the inhabitants of Point Pleasant it was generally supposed that she was some relation to Girly; but that was not the truth.

"Well, gal, how are you?" questioned the new-comer, roughly. But befor the girl could reply, the eyes of Kendrick fell upon the figure of the wounded man stretched upon the couch of skips.

of skins.
"Hullo! who's this, eh? Hain't been gettin' a husband since I've been up in the Shawnee country, have you?" No," answered the girl, scornfully and

"Needn't get riled 'bout it," said the father, bluntly. "Who is he, anyway?" "A wounded stranger whose life I have been trying to save."
"I s'pose you're in love with him, eh?" asked

Kendrick, with a covert glance from under his heavy brows at the girl.
"In love with him! What good would it do

me to fall in love with any decent white man?
Am I not your daughter? the child of a renegade?" exclaimed the girl, bitterly.

"Better come with me and I'll find you a husband in some of the great chiefs of the

Shawnee nation." "I'd blow out my brains with my own rifle

"Don't get your back up; I only suggested it. You've got the temper of an angel, you have. If you ever do get a husband, you'll comb his hair with a three-legged stool, I reckon, whether his skin is white or red."

The girl made no reply, but turned away her head with a look of scorn.

"Seein' as how I was round the clearing, I thought I'd call in and see how you was. I didn't expect to find the old cabin turned into a hospital

Would you have had me leave this poor fellow to die in the wood, like a dog ?" asked the girl, spiritedly.
"Life ain't worth much, anyway," said the

renegade, contemptuously. "One man ain't missed in this hyer big world." What brings you so near the station?

asked Kate. Ain't it natural that a white man should

want to see some of his own color, once in a while?" asked Kendrick, with a grin.
"Your color!" said the girl, in scorn; "though your face is white yet your heart is red! yes, as red as your hand has been with blood. In yonder settlement they call you the white Indian, and they would tear you to pieces if they could get their hands upon you—show
you as little mercy as they would show a wolf."
"That's true, gal, true as preachin'; but do
you's pose the hate's all on one side? I reckon not," and the renegade laughed discordantly. "I've seen many a white man dance while the red flames were burning his life away, and I've

laughce at the sight."
"And the guilt and shame that belongs to you clings to me also. I am your daughter, and that I am so is a curse upon my life. It has made me an outcast—forced me to seek a home far from the bounds of civilization. has deadened all the good in my nature. It is a wonder that I am not thoroughly bad, for all think me so." The tone in which the girl spoke showed plainly how deeply she felt the

"Inside of a month the settlers at Point Pleasant won't jeer at you," said Kendrick, meaningly. "What will keep them from it?" asked

Kate, in wonder, "Ke-ne-ha-ha and his Shawnees. There's a burricane coming, gal, and Point Pleasant will be the first to feel it. Let 'em laugh now;

they'll cry tears of blood soon."
(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

Ytol:

Lost, Wedded, Widowed and Rewon. A STORY OF TRIALS AND BALMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "STEALING A HEART." "BLACK HAND,"
"IMON AND GOLD," "ERD SCORPION," "PEARL OF
FEARLS," "HERBULES, THE HUNGHAGE," "CAT
AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," ETG.

CHAPTER XX. YTOL ACCEPTS. "The bar of rank was trampled down, I stooped and raised her to my crown.

"Oh! the fierce sickness of the soul—to see Love bought and sold."

"Give me but thy heart, though cold; I ask no more." -COBNWALL

YTOL sprung to her feet with the assistance of Lord Somers; but she shrunk before the staring eyes that looked in from the doorway.

The Englishman calmly surveyed them.
"Yes," he said, as if in answer to Mrs. Layworth's exclamation, "I am here."
"You are very considerate, my lord, to per-

petrate this scandal beneath my roof," sneered Mrs. Layworth, ironically.

"All of which I can explain." "Oh, no doubt. - Begone!" the last to the

"Oh, Mrs. Layworth!" cried Ytol, advancing with crimsoned cheeks, "believe me, if Lord Somers had not come to my aid when he did, I should have been killed.

And Ione echoed:

"That frightful thing, which you yourself have seen, was here in my room. It had me helpless in its terrible arms, when Lord Somers saved me. I feel that I owe him my life. Won't you believe me?"

"A likely story. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And a true one," emphasized Somers, whose brow was dark as a thunder-cloud. "I regret, madam, that one dare not be a champion for a lady distressed, in your house, without incurring unjust suspicion. I might explain still further, in detail, to your satisfaction; under the circumstances I shall not. Turning to Ytol he whispered:

Do not fear. It is in your power to save both your name and mine. I shall leave here immediately. I give you till daybreak to make up your mind. Marry me and all will he well." He pressed her hand; then with a firm, dig-nified step, he walked from the room, his gray and sternly bent upon the mother and daughter.

Without speaking to Ytol-whose drooping. trembling form scarce stood there, with the Englishman's words dwelling in her ears—Mrs. Layworth and Ione withdrew. The door was not locked this time.

I hope you are convinced, mother?" "Come, my child," hurrying along the hall; "it is sufficient. But that shot?—what could it have meant?"

"A mere effort at cloaking the true character of the tableau. You say Ytol's door was

"By my own hands. You must have seen

me turn the key."
"Lord Somers, then, entered by the window, for a tele-a-tete with his charmer. His sudden appearance frightened her—she screamed—she fainted. He heard us coming; he fired the pis-tol—I know he carries one—then invoked her to indorse the lie with which he would endeavor to escape disgrace. All is very plain to

"And to me. I would not have you wed Lord Somers, now." In the lower entry Somers beckoned the por-

"I want you to send to the city," he said, slipping a sovereign into his hand, "and get me

"Have it here by daybreak—promptly. Do you understand?"

"Yes, m' lord; you shall 'ave it."
Having attended to this, he retired to his apartments, and packed his trunk. He did not

lie down that night, but lighted a cigar and trod the carpet thoughtfully—apparently cool, not varying from his accustomed nonchalance of mien. Underneath the collected exterior, however, he was angered and worried. With the first gray of dawn he descended to

the parlor. The cab was just coming in at the gate, and he noticed it with satisfaction. Touching the bell he requested a servant to

grin, into his face. "What is it, Yarik?" inform Miss Lyn that he desired to see her in the parlor.

After a short absence, the messenger return-

"She'll be down in a minute, m' lord."
A feeling of pleasure thrilled him. The fact
of her agreeable reply promised well for his

When the young girl entered he was surprised at the change that was visible in her. The blue eyes were bright, the cheeks were rosy, there was a resolute mold in the sweet face, and her voice, when she spoke, was strangely firm.
"You see," she said, with a gesture, "!

"And it tells me that you have decided in my favor."

"Upon conditions—yes." "Name them."

"Do you assure me that there is nothing binding between you and Ione Layworth?"
I do."

"Another thing; are you wilking to take me, knowing what I am, and not who I am?-without my being able to indicate who were my parents—ah! you start,"

"Go on—say it all."
"With the possibility of my being the offspring of some marrable pair, whose record
may be stained with crime, the revival of which would make you blush."

'Impossible! This can not be-" "I have not asserted that it is so—yet it is possible, for I know not otherwise." 'I had not dreamed such a thing-"

"You had no cause. You see, now, my ord, you have done too much in blindness. As I told you at the lake, you would not wed with such as I am." Ytol was talking plainly, bitterly.

seemed altered completely; something, some powerful influence was working within her as

she put the tests.

"You are mistaken," he interrupted, quickly, stepping to her side; "I love you. I want to possess you. Tell me, am I to have you?" You have weighed this well?"

"Yes—all."
Only for a second did she hesitate.
"Then I accept. Here is my token."
She extended her hand; he clasped it—he

drew her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. But there was no responsive pres-sure there; the embrace was cold and formal.

"The cab is at the door, Ytol; make haste."
"My trunk is ready; I packed it last night.
I intended leaving Wilde Manor whether with you or not. The sooner we are off the better."
Somers half-paused. It was so utterly unlike her previous manner toward him, yet so mark-edly strained, that he could not fail to notice But he had won her. For the present he was satisfied.

The trunks were brought down and strapped onto the waiting vehicle; soon they were ready

"Where is Mrs. Layworth?" he asked of the sleepy porter, who was just getting lazily to "She 'asn't come down yet, m' lord."
"Then I will not be able to see her. Inform

her that I am gone."

They entered the cab and were driven rapid-

ly away; and the porter, thoroughly awakened now, stared gapingly after them.

"What's up, I say?—m' lord Somers an' t' governess a-goin' away—with their baggage. What's intil't, now, I wonder?"

Ytol gave one glance back at the fading house, whispered an adieu to Wilde Manor; when her soul grew rigid with the mask it

Did she realize what she was doing? There was not one particle of affection in her heart for the man she was about to marry. Her ac-tion was the impulse of despair, her spur the stern force of necessity.

We see it every day around us; lonely ones ac-

cepting the seeming possibility of relief from woe, which marriage holds out to them—to find, alas, that it is but a phantom, which only leads the aching spirit to a deeper gloom, and wraps the mantle of a double misery round the attered being

As they rattled over the road, another cab passed them, going toward the Manor. In it vere two men And there were others riding swiftly for

Liverpool, in the first glow of the morning. The second cab had hardly passed in through the gate when a man and woman on horseback came thundering by.

Dwilla St. Jean and the Dwarf! They were in hot pursuit.

The departure of Somers and Ytol had not been unnoticed. Ione, standing at her bedoom window, saw the conveyance drive off. She ground her white teeth in rage, and a dire exclamation burst from her lips.

With starting, straining eyes, she watched after them, and her bosom heaved in a tumult of emotion.

Mrs. Layworth was apprised of visitors in he parlor, as soon as she descended the stairs. She saw there two strangers.
Paul Faerot and Hoyle Yarik!

'Good-morning, madam," spoke the first. We are here on important business. Hope ve did not disturb vou?"

"Oh, no; what is it?" "We are in search of a young girl named Ytol Lyn." She started; but it was not perceptible.

Faerot went on: "Her true name is Dufour, and she is great y interested in the will of the late David the United States, and traced her to Cape May.

Dane, an American, who was a diamond mer-chant in London. We were on her track in At that point, she was abducted by enemies. We got information of it, and pursued them in a yacht. A storm came up, destroying the craft we were in clease of; and the next day, ve saved one of the crew, whose name was Wharle Dufour, and who is a cousin of the girl we are in search of. We ascertained that Ytol was picked up by a steamer bound for Liverpool, and finally followed the clue to the Queen's Hotel-"

Quite a romance!" broke in Mrs. Layworth, with affected interest. "Yes. From the Queen's Hotel, we received information that led us to suspect that

you knew_" That I knew !" "Where she was. Or, probably, she is now in your house?"

"I am sorry you have had your hunt for no-thing," she quietly replied. "Ytol—as you call her—is not here." Faerot looked blank.

Blast my teeth!" mumbled Yarik. "But she has been here, madam?" "Yes-and left this morning "Can you tell us the probable direction she

took ? "I haven't the most remote idea." Mrs. Layworth could not, or would not give them any hint as to Ytol's course, and they de-

arted at once. When the disappointed Faerot sunk despondingly back amid the cushions of the cab, and ordered the driver back to Liverpool,

to?" he asked, queerly.

Yarik pulled his sleeve, and glanced, with a

"No-who?"
"Why, that 'ere's little Ytol's aunt."

" The deuce ! "Fact. An' I can tell you somethin' about this here affair 'at you don' know yet." "What is it?"

"Well, it's somewhat of a hist'ry."
"Let's have it. We've time before we reach

"Pil jest kinder give you a s'nopsis, as they say on the play-bills," and Hoyle Yarik's face assumed a mysterious look, as he bit off a fresh chew of tobacco from his enormous plug.

CHAPTER XXI. IT IS DONE.

"My very soul seems moldering in my bosom." And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath To naught in life * * * " — MONTGOMERY To naught in life * * * Take heed! we are passionate; our milk of love Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking."

—Milman.

IT was a quiet wedding. The hotel parlors were closed to all save a few special friends of Lord Somers, whom he notified immediately upon his arrival in Lon-

At Ytol's request, they were not married in church, and the Englishman did not consider his own bachelor residence of sufficient elegance in which to display his bride. Hence a series of orders to his valet, to pre-

pare the dwelling ere their return from a brief The occasion, withal the number present

was limited, was brilliant and impressive.

The room was ablaze with tapers and gasjets; festooned, and wreathed with flowers breathing delicious perfume; the carpets covered with white—a picture solemnly beauti-

Hasty as were the arrangements, Ytol had found time to prepare an elaborate toilet, by the dextrous aid of dressmakers and waiting maids; and a buzz of admiration went round when she threw back the profusion of vail, dis-

covering a pale but angelic face.

She looked far older than her years—half wrought by the scenes of her unhappiness; some thought that she appeared a little sad, that the deep blue eyes mingled a perceptible weariness in their radiance.

But her voice was calm and full of sweet-ness, when she uttered the vows of the ceremony, and her cheeks were gradually suffused Her simulation was perfect. None could

detect the mighty effort called up to sustain her in this act so foreign to her desires. It was over. Congratulations showered on them, and the minister addressed them in a and charge to those who had embarked in so

riskful a companionship. In the adjoining room a bounteous table was spread. Lord Somers, at the side of his wife, presented her with a golden cup of wine, to give the first toast.

Slowly she raised the chalice; for a second, her eyes roamed over the expectant company. Then, in a tone that was slightly tremulous: "Let us drink to those hollow hearts that know no love !"

Her manner was so earnest-with a tincture of bitterness that could not be concealed—that a silence followed the singular speech. Somers gazed hard at her, as if trying to reach her thoughts. But he was baffled. Not a muscle twitched upon the lovely face, not a sign to betray the true or passing import of her

Ytol tasted the sparkling wine, and quietly set the cup upon the cloth, without observing his scrutiny.

There were a few pleasant remarks and bursts of merriment; but Ytol's bearing, from the moment of the cementing of the bonds, had dampened the prospective ardor.

Within two hours they were whirling toward

"Was that a health to your own heart, Lady Somers?" inquired her husband, in the gloom of the carriage.

"An unfair question, my lord. I am your wife, and I shall do my duty."
"I would like to know if our future is to be as freezing as this first hour?" he put, short and pointed, influenced by her coldness. But, Ytol only answered

I shall do my duty, with the help of Hea-

Just one month of wedded life. What an irksome honeymoon to Ytol!

True, she did not falter in the great obligaion which she had taken upon herself; but here were none of those fond caresses, hours of day-dreamings together, and happy mutuali ties of pleasure, which mark the first few weeks with peculiar joys and posied affection in the cases of happy marriages.
She was meekly submissive, and, with her

little knowledge of the necessity, strove hard to please him. But Somers soon perceived that he was

bound to a bosom of ice, whose heart gave no return for all his attentions, save the spiritless hanks of lips that spoke forcedly.

They were coming home now, after a tour which, for others, might have been one of rare enjoyment. And in his soul, he was gloomy to

It was, truly, a lovely home: near the outskirts of the city-half-castle, half-retreat; partially surrounded by spacious floral grounds, shady bowers, and pretty winding paths, all exquisite, all infused with a museful glamour, rich and perfect. A sort of double house—or two houses built as one.

And the adjoining residence had been occupied only lately—of which and whom we shall speak hereafter A bright day had dawned for the advent of the couple; my lord's valet had arranged every

thing gayly for their reception.

Two of the servants were at the gate to the broad avenue, on the look-out. Soon a little cloud of dust; then the carriage came rolling in, the gaudy equipage glistening in the sun-

"And who's the bride m' Lord Somers 'as got, Mr. Joseph?" interrogated one, as he put on his hat, after waving it, and gazed after the

"Why, nobody knows that. 'Is lordship got'er nigh Liverpool, do 'e see, an' they say it was a rise for to make a lady of 'er." And they tell me she's a hAmerican, Mr.

Joseph."
"That's so, too-don't 'e see, Mr. William. 'e used to live along 'ith the folks at Wilde Manor, by Liverpool, han' 'e 'as that she's a governess up there."

But, I say, how solemncolly she looks, Mr. Joseph."

"She does that, too,"

The arrival of Lord and Lady Somers was to
the arrival of a brilliant reception—so the

while away. To please Ytol, it was to be a grand masque, and select invitations were already out.

By nine o'clock the broad salons were throng-

"What is it, Yarik?"

"Do you know who you've been a talkin' merry strain, filled the house and grounds with delicious murmurs.

to hanquet.

"Lady Somers, where are you going?"

A figure in pink domino and scarlet mask arrested her as she was stepping out from the festive gathering:

"To walk in the garden. I am tired of this scene—for awhile, at least."

"But they are calling for the 'Evening Star' at the organ. You have won countless laurels to-night, and not one guesses right who it is. Won't you return and play?"

"Do be merciful, my lord. Let me escape, if it he but for ten short minutes. I tell you

if it be but for ten short minutes. I tell you, I am wearied to death." She passed on, out at the long window, round

the piazza, and slowly took her way along one of the darker paths, removing the heated mask from her face, and gasping at the fresh, wel come air. She did, indeed, wish to flee from the garish

whirlpool that surrounded her. It was a scene in which she had no heart, to which her spirit was a sacrifice, and only felt more weightily the trying position she occupied.
Suddenly she started, and paused short. A form sprung out from behind a tree directly in

front of her. It wore no disguise, it approached her with quick strides. "Ytol!" called a well-remembered voice In an instant this figure was by her. For a second she stared incredulously.

"Ytol! have you forgotten me?"
"Wharle! Wharle Dufour!" she cried, huskily. "Yes!-yes! it is Wharle. Oh, Ytol! what have you done?"

She was swaying dizzily-she was falling. A sense of weakness, helplessness—con with such an agony as she had never felt before-came over her. She staggered a step, and was sinking to the

earth, when his arms outstretched and caught Ytol had hardly left the parlors when a female, in the character of "Eve," plucked Lord Somers by the sleeve.

"My lord!"

"Eh? 'Pon my soul you are mistaken--"

"Sh! It is no time for fooleries. Come with me; I have a sight for your eyes—one

that will tell its own tale. "What mean you?" he asked, throwing off the disguise of his voice. "It is a love scene, in which your wife fig-

Woman !-" "Nay, see for yourself. Come-come." Obeying an impulse, he followed her. Out into the garden of glimmering lights, rustling over the grass, beneath the trees; then

See there!" whispered his companion, with er lips close to his ear. Somers clenched his fists and breathed a terrible curse. For he saw the "Evening Star"—his wife—in the arms of a stranger.

He would have dashed forward to throttle this intruder; but he was held back.

"Stay! It is better to wait."

"Wait! when I am being thus outraged?"—

"Vec. wait. and specificate." "Yes-wait; and punish her.

It was a hard struggle with the fierce ele ment of rage; then, drawing a deep, choking breath, he watched and waited. "Tell me who you are?" he hissed, turning to where the mask had stood. But the informer had vanished.

CHAPTER XXII. THE FIRST LIE. Farewell i thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust. Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust!"

"I think my wife be honest, and think is is not; I il have some proof." YTOL clung, fainting, round the neck of Wharle Dufour. But his voice aroused her. "Ytol! look up, darling."

"Wharle! Wharle! Oh, Wharle Dufour! why did you come here?" she cried, hysterical-'Why?" he repeated, in a bitter tone, was because I wished to see you, Ytol; to see if you were happy in playing this unholy part—giving your lips to a haughty English-

part—giving your tips to a haughty Englishman, and receiving his embraces: a man who would scorn you if he knew of your past—"

"Stop, Wharle! oh, stop! Happy?—I am miserable! Do not add daggers to my already intolerable existence. How did you find me?"

"Could earth hold you and hide you from me?" he exclaimed, drawing her, convulsively, tighter to him. "Do you remember our gay bower by the Chesapeake?"

"Yes," she answered, tremulously, as her

"Yes," she answered, tremulously, as her head sunk low upon his breast. "Do you remember how we loved each other?—the vow I registered?"

"I do, Wharle-I do," and her lips were quivering. I have been true to that vow, Ytol; I lived only for you. But you were so unkind! When you ran away, my world grew at once desolate and empty. I had nothing to live for, without you. I turned my back on my home, and started to search for you. Heaven threw us together at a strange time. I had no money, nor work, and I joined a yacht's crew at Cape May. One night we were hired to aid in an abduction. It was my intention to save their victim; and I little thought that the one so helpless in their clutches was yourself. When we held to the spar on the tossing waves the lightning showed me who it was. Have you formule how we met amid the storm and forgotten how we met, amid the storm, how I was swept from you? I was mercifully preserved, and I have hunted you to this place—to find you the wife of another! Oh, Yto! how could you treat me so? You never loved

ne-never Ytol was sobbing painfully, His speech burnt, in its sad accents of reproof, like irons of fire into her heart.
"Wharle!" she gasped, as though her spirit
were utterly crushed, "I know you must despise

me; and I deserve it. I am only fit to dinow; there is nothing for me but the grave. wish I could have died, rather than see you! married to escape a living death, and I married him because there was no other-"No other!" "Wharle! ook at me: pity me just a little! Don't spurn me as the false

and worthless thing I would seem have never forgotten you, Wharle. God knows how lonely I have been without you. I had to do so, I had to fly from where you were, forfor—we could not marry."
"Ytol!"

with his father, told him the cause of her descrtion of the Lyn farm. He listened calmly; but a hard, cold smile twitched his mouth. "Perhaps you think you did it for the best. But, see: had you waited a little longer, all would have been well. Father is dead, Ytol."

And then she told him of her conversation

"He died of apoplexy three or four days after I left the farm. Mother advertised for me, and I wrote to her, to assure her of my

The trees were hung grotesquely with colored innterns, shedding a weird light over the fragrant walks; and couples in dominoes and masks were promenading or dancing ere the call to banquet.

"Lady Somers, where are you going?"

A figured a pith domino and scalet mest or.

on this earth-" Ytol suddenly started from his embrace, and strained her eyes through the gloom,
"Wharle—oh, Heaven! we have been watch

"By whom?" quickly.

"By Lord Somers—by my husband! See: that is his form moving there. Look." They saw a shadowy figure skulking away among the trees; and Ytol knew well who it

"Fly, Wharle! I must be gone. But," the voice was low and husky, "don't go until we meet again! I must see you once more—I must!" When and where?"

"On this spot, three nights hence. Farewell. She tore herself from him as she rapidly ut-

tered the words, and sped swiftly toward the New fears pricked her bosom. She knew that Somers had witnessed her meeting with Wharle Dufour. He would stamp it as a What would be the consequences? Could she bear his anger when he charged he with what, to him, was unmistakable guilt!

The guests had adjourned to the banqueting hall, where all were to unmask prior to partaking of the bounteous feast there spread before them. At the head of the table atood the pink domino, and "Eve" was by its side. Far down near the foot, was the "Evening Star," and

How was she to meet the ordeal coming?

omers regarded the latter with flaming eyes. At a signal off came masks and capes—and simultaneously two parties in the company "Eve" was Dwilla St. Jean. She was by the Englishman, and it was they who stared in astonishment on the "Evening Star." For, instead of Lady Somers, it was Finette, the wait-

ing maid ! Lady Somers was close on his left hand, and wore a blue domino !

The maid glanced at her mistress, as if appealingly; and Ytol said:

"Forgive her, my lord. She yearned to partake is the merriment, so I changed robes with her immediately after the last time I was at the While he was silent in bewilderment, and the magnetism of attraction centered round Lady Somers, the maid slipped out.

Dwilla St. Jean was perplexed. She had

either thrown the husband on a wrong scent, or Ytol had defeated her by some artifice.

Ytol excused herself ere the feasting ended, pleading severe headache. In her apartment, with Finette near, she sunk into a chair, and buried the pale, sorrowful face in her hands.

"Madame has had a narrow escape," whispered the maid, as she busied herself with disrobing her mistress. "Oh, Finette! but, he must know it was me

he saw, and he will suspicion at once that we changed after I came in. Besides, I have acted and told a lie!" "Then madame must fib plentiful with her tongue. He must never learn how Finette sided her mistress. He must be told that it was Finette's lover, and Finette who went into the

But, girl, such falsehoods-" "It is nothing, madame. That is the way a great many do. Ah! Finette has saved a mistress twice before she came to serve you-and, ciell it was worse than this. Tell him what I say, and Finette will stand by you with so many tears that he will believe. Ha! ha! ha!

Madame is young yet; but she will soon learn all the little plots," A terrible feeling was eating at Ytol's heart. strings. Was this to be her life? Was this the relief from other trials which she sought in wedding Lord Somers? Even the maid believed her a criminal, and offered to aid her in averting discovery. She must begin with falsegoods, to escape her husband's wrath and to

save her outward honor. Hark, Finette; what is that?" It was a singular sound to which they listened, seeming to come from the walls.

Clink! tink! Clink! tink! Clink! tink! like the rattle and rap of a small hammer on iron and anvil. I can not say," replied Finette; " we have

heard it a long time before madame comes back. The new people in the next house they pound that way every night till I am weary. What it can be, we give up. The beautiful girl who you saw stand by my lord to-night-she with the great eyes that flash-she lives there,' pointing toward the wall between the two DOUBCE. Finette meant Dwilla St. Jean.

Clink !- tink-a-tink ! Clink ! tink ! continued the sound at intervals—such a sound as issues from a blacksmith's shop when the work is on the anvil beneath the dancing ham-When Ytol lay upon her couch she still heard t, rising faintly anon:
Clink! tink! Clink-a-tink! tink!

And in her sleep the mysterious hammering listurbed her, causing her to move restlessly.
It was almost daylight ere Lord Somers Before retiring, he stood at the bedside, with folded arms and knit brows, gazing down on

the fair form of the slumberer. Surely, there was no stamp of guilt upon that brow of snow? Yet his eyes bent frowningly on the white,

beautiful face.
"Shall I believe it?" he muttered, "or was I, indeed, deceived in what I saw? Could it have been Finette in the garden?—or was the change of masks but a trick to delude? By the Eternal !-- if I was but sure that guil ived in that icy bosom. I'd strangle her in her dreams !-she should never see the day dawn ! He remained there, like a statue, for many minutes. Once, he thought the unconscious lips were whispering; he leaned quickly to catch the breath, with all the eagerness of a jealous ear. But Ytol slept peacefully on, nor dreamed

of the lowering figure at the drawn curtains.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 187.) THE following is a familiar picture, drawn from life: I saw her in the omnibus-

I never saw her more;
She didn't seem to care a cass
If I sat on the floor;
For with one look she lifted me—
My place she occupied;
Then spread her skirts o'er two or
More setts on either side

More seats on either side.

Another look—I passed her fare,
And passed her back the change;
She took it from my hand, I swear,
As if I had the mange.
She looked—" Just ring that bell, I say.
Could I that look refuse?
She calmy rose and nicked her way. She calmiy rose and picked her way Among the boots and shoes. I watched till she the corner turned,

And then, with some chagrin, Swere to myself, "May I be durned If I do that ag'in."

LAST REGRETS.

BY JOHNNIE DABB.

Maiden of the golden treeses,
Why look out with glance so cold?
Once you sweetly smiled upon me,
And you wore my cross of gold.
Then you promised true to love me
Better than the world beside;
By the stars that shone above thee,
You would be my bonny bride.

And your premise is forgotten,
And your laugh is bright and gay,
As if ne'er a heart that loved thee,
You had coldly turned away.
Maiden, in your hours of sadness,
Sometimes think of days gone by,
When we wandered full of gladness
Underneath the starry sky.

Then you told me that you loved me,
As we sat beside the stream,
Now I feel the pain of waking
As from some delightful dagam.
Bo farewell, sweet dream of heaven t
Farewell too all grief and pain,
For, some angel voice still whispers,
Joy will come to me again.

The Man from Texas:

THE OUTLAWS OF ARKANSAS. A STORY OF THE ARKANSAS BORDER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, OR OF "MAD DETECTIVE," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB, WOLF DEMON!" "OVERLAND RIT," "RED, MAKEPPA." "ARE OF SPACES," "HEART OF FILE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK."

> CHAPTER XLII. MANY THINGS.

In the cool of the evening Foxcroft and Fayette were walking along carelessly down by the levee of Smithville, earnestly engaged in con-versation. Yell Ozark and his latest exploits formed the topic of conversation between the two. Foxcroft was seriously uneasy; he trembled lest the outlaw should be captured and reveal the influential friends who had hitherto aided him.

Fayette laughed at the idea. "Don't worry about that!" he exclaimed.
"Whatever Ozark's faults may be, treachery is not one of them. Not to save his neck from the rope would he betray us."

"Men will do a great many things when in a tight place," Foxcroft replied, dubiously. A coward at heart himself, he judged all the rest of mankind by his standard.
"There is not the slightest danger. The

chances, too, are a hundred to one that Ozark will not be taken alive." But do you think that he will be taken at

all?" Foxcroft asked.
"Yes, I do," Fayette replied; "in my opinion he has about come to the end of his rope. I warned him that if he got old Gol Adair on his track the swamps wouldn't save him."

Then the old fellow is after him?" "Yes; I saw him and Lieutenant Winnie ride into the village just before sundown. The old man was armed, and it was evident from his looks that he meant business. It will be just as well for us, Foxcroft, if Ozark is finished. He was getting tired with his share of our partnership and inclined to think that we got all the half-pence and he all the kicks. We all the half-pence and he all the kicks. We should have had trouble with him before long. Things are all settling down to a peace basis, and Ozark's only use to us was his skill with

his weapons."
"That is very true; for my part, I am glad to get rid of him."
"And now, Foxcroft, I want you to do me a

favor," Fayette said, abruptly.
"Certainly; what is it?" and the fat storekeeper looked just a little bit astonished.

it?" Foxcroft exclaimed. "How did you "We found the box without any trouble, but

it only contained a few scraps of paper."
Oh, I see; the overseer got there before you and secured whatever the box contained."
"No, you are wrong there," Fayette rejoined, "for Ozark and myself hid in the swamp

until the morning and saw the overseer and the old negro come to the cabin." "Who do you suppose got at the box?" de-manded Foxcroft, evidently astonished. 'I think that the old negro knows something

about it," Fayette replied, thoughtfully. "The box only contained a paper which alone concerned the overseer, Ozark and myself. In fact, that statement in part is only guesswork, and it may not concern Ozark and myself at Now, I wish that you would call upon old Uncle Snow and see if you can either coax or frighten the darky into telling whether he did

up to the shanty at once."

The two turned and commenced to retrace their steps.

"By the way, how does the Smith affair come on?" Foxcroft asked.
"The young lady declines, and I shall have

to put old Smith through a course of sprouts," Fayette answered, moodily. "There's a chance for you to speculate if you want to buy a plantation cheap. I shall bring it under the hammer as soon as the law will let me." 'I'll think about it.' As the two passed through the main street of the village the overseer rode by them.

Texas evidently had just come from the plantation. As he rode down the street, he met Winnie and Adair coming up. All three halted and exchanged salutations;

then Gol Adair drew off a little to one side, leaving the two friends together.

"Where are you bound?" Winnie asked.

"Running a fox to earth," the overseer replied, carelessly.

"Well, I'm going to do a little in that line myself," the soldier said, with a laugh; "but, what fox are you after?"

"Do you remember what I told you about my father?"
"Yes; he was killed in this neighborhood,

and you came after a paper on which he had written the name of his murderer."

"Exactly; well, I found that the paper was concealed in a tin tobacco-box, and the box hidden in an old shanty. I went to the place, got the box, and on opening it found that it only contained the scraps of a letter."
"Some one had been there before you?"

"Yes," Texas replied, "and had taken away what I sought, and left other scraps of paper, evidently thinking to throw me off the track."
"What did you do?" Winnie asked, his curi-

osity excited.
"Pasted the letter-scraps together, and so got

thought that you would believe in this southwestern notion of personal vengeance."

"Neither do I," Texas replied, slowly, "but I own I have a strange curiosity to discover who it is that has taken so much pains to baffle my search. But where are you bound?"

"After Ozark," replied Winnie, with a side glance at Gol Adair, who seemed buried in abstraction. "I have telegraphed to General Smith, at Little Rock, for permission to take command of the detachment here and pursue this outlaw. You heard about the killing of the Dutch boy, Pete?" and as he put the question, Winnie sunk his voice almost to a whisper so that Adair should not hear him.

"Yes."

"Adair here loved that boy as if he had been

"Adair here loved that boy as if he had been his own son. He has hardly eaten anything since the night when we found Pete in the road, stone-dead, with Ozark's buck-shots in his brain. Ozark is gone up now, sure, for the old man is as well acquainted with the swamps as he is, and he'll run him night and day till he squares the account."

"There's my man F' exclaimed the overseer, suddenly, as Judge Yell rode down the street. "I'll see you again!" And then Texas spurred off to intercept the old Judge.

At nine o'clock that night the telegraph lispatch came from Little Rock, authorizing Winnie to take command of the detachment of soldiers whom the outlaw had so handson whipped, and at ten, Winnie and Gol Adair, with the five soldiers at their heels, were on their way to arrest the desperado.

The change of commanders had had a wonderful effect upon the spirits of the "army," and the five soldiers who had retreated so nimbly from the outlaw but a few hours back were now tretting forward briskly to attack im, burning to wipe out the disgrace of their inglorious defeat

Gol Adair rode on, gloomy and silent, his trusty rifle lying in the hollow of his arm, and his fingers playing mechanically with the lock.

At three o'clock on the next afternoon the detachment suddenly came upon the outlaw on the East road, a mile or so the other side of the

A fight ensued, the result of which was one soldier badly wounded, Ozark dismounted from his mule in hot haste by Gol Adair sending a rifle-ball "plum" through the brute, and forced to take refuge in the swamp by the side of the road, leaving his terrible double-barrel gun as trophy of victory to the conquerors.

"Leave him to me!" cried Gol Adair, as he waying himself out of the saddle and running the conquerors are supported by the saddle and running the conqueror are supported by the supported by the conqueror are supported by the supported by the

swung himself out of the saddle, and ramming down a charge into his rifle, prepared to follow the fugitive. "One is as good as twenty in this hyer slush. "I'll fotch him!" and then the old hunter dashed into the wilderness, leaving carefully and put it in a secret pocket in the this hyer slush. "I'll fotch him!" and then the old hunter dashed into the wilderness, leaving the soldiers to return and tell the story of their breast of his flannel undershirt.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST!

Texas rode up to the Judge who was mount ed on a mule.

"Good-evening Judge," the overseer said.

"Ah, good-evening, Mr. Texas," the Judge remarked, bowing in his usual stately and dig-

mified manner.

"I found a letter belonging to you out near my place." Texas drew the letter from his pocket as he spoke. He had matched the torn scraps together and pasted them on a thin piece of paper.

By the side of the light which attracted from

By the aid of the light which streamed from the window of the saloon near by the Judge examined the letter.

Reeper looked just a little bit astonished.

"You remember that Ozark and myself went in search of a box that was hidden in an old cabin, by the edge of the swamp?"

"Yes; do you know that I form?"

"Then Howard must have lost it," Texas observed. "I have a strange cariosity to find out where it did come from. Much obliged, Judge; I'll go after Howard right away. The overseer proceeded to ride off, and the Judge called out after him:

You'll find Bob at the General Lee sa-Thither the overseer proceeded, and there, as the overseer had said, he found the young law-

Howard remembered the note instantly, "Oh, yes, I wrote that."
"And did you send it to the Judge?"

Of course "Why, he told me just now that he never received it

"The deuce he did!" exclaimed Howard in I might get away. astonishment.

tamper with the box or not."

"I can find out easily enough," Foxcroft said, confidently. "I can pretend that I met this Jupiter who left the box and that he told the note and got one of the young nigs to carry the note an it, it suddenly occurred to me that the boy might lose it on the way, so I told him what the contents were. I see; the boy told the Judge I wanted to see him, and did not deliver the note at all."

The overseer began to despair; the clue "The boy probably put the note in his pocket," Howard continued, "and then threw it away sometime when he was out by your place. It was that young imp, Jim Crow."

And then a sudden light flashed upon the belief the way of the overseer.

wildered brain of the overseer. Jim Crow was the grandson of old Uncle Snow! He had been asleep in the upper story

of Snow's house on the night when the old ne-gro had revealed where the box was concealed. What was more probable than that he had overheard the conversation, and had robbed the box of its contents?
"Much obliged, Mr. Howard," said the over-

seer, abruptly, and then he rode rapidly away, leaving Howard in a state of considerable as-

Springing from his horse the overseer strode abruptly into the cabin. Drawing a revolver from his belt, he cocked it and leveled the shining tube full at the head of the young black, who no sooner beheld the menace than he went loaded for use, I crawled to the end o' it, ready

down upon his knees in an agony of terror.
"You young whelp, tell me what you did

or I'll drill a hole through your black head!"
the overseer cried, sternly.
"Don't shoot, Massa!" howled the boy, in
abject terror; "'fore de Lord, I'll done tell you
all 'bout it!"

Where is it?" And as Texas spoke he

ful hurry; in a moment he was back with a folded paper, yellow with age.

The boy, with the cunning of his race, had overheard the conversation between his grandfather and the white stranger relative to the box, as already recorded, and falling into the error that there was either money or jewels concealed in it, had stolen forth to possess himself of the treasure; but finding only a written paper in the box, he had taken possession of itwith what motive he could hardly have told himself, except that he thought it must be of value to some one, and that, at some future time, he might be able to dispose of it. Happening to have Howard's note in his pocket, he had torn it into pieces, and placed them in the box, thinking that one paper was as good as another.

boys made short work of them, and when the cowardly varmints saw that they war gettin' the worst o' it, they took to their heels, all that could; but more than half lay dead upon the ground. But I war the only one o' our gang that war hurt, excepting poor Ned.

"The boys then 'tended to my wound, which war so bad that now, the excitement over, I could not stand alone. They also buried poor Ned; but they let the red varmints lay. They said that beaver war plenty up the creek, and as soon as I war able, they should move.

"The next day, my wound feelin' a little better, we took up our traps, and moved to safer and better trappin' ground.

"That war the toughest fix I war ever in," he added, "and if the boys hadn't hurried up, head the thinking that one paper was as good as another. Then, with the natural desire to impress Fayette and Foxcroft with the belief that it was

valuable to them, he had told of the hidden box, knowing, too, that it only contained a few worthless scraps of paper.

But the revolver of the overseer, and the abrupt accusation, had been too much for him, and in his fright he had yielded up his ill-gotten treasure. ten treasure.

The overseer put it at once into his pocket vithout examination.

"Uncle Snow, this young imp will stretch a rope one of these days if he isn't careful," Texas said, dryly; then he retreated from the house, mounted his horse and rode off toward the Smith plantation. And there, in the si-lence of his own room, he examined the yellow locument that for so many years had been buried from the light.

buried from the light.

An expression of profound astonishment appeared upon the face of the overseer as he ascertained the nature of the legal paper which was spread out on the little table before him.

"Well, of all the strange chances in the world!" he muttered, after he had carefully perused the paper. Then he turned it over and examined the back of it. Three short lines traced in a strange-colored ink, now almost faded out, and a signature beneath. Not most faded out, and a signature beneath. Not one man out of a thousand would have guessed that the faint-hued ink was of human blood.

The signature was bold and strong. "John Cooper, Captain, 3rd Texas, C. S. A."
Three times, at least, the overseer read the

Will Fayette had little idea of the impending

(To be continued—commenced in No. 181.)

Treed by Red-skins. A CAMP-FIRE STORY

BY GEORGE W. BROWNE.

"STIR up the fire, Wald, then I'll tell ye how I war once treed by red skins."
The speaker, Max Hardy, was a true type of the "mountain-man." He was then my guide In this month than companion, on a trip across the moun- Mutuals 12 to 0. ains, for pleasure and adventure

After a few preliminary remarks, he com-Examined the letter.

It was simply a note from Bob Howard requesting the Judge to call at his office when he came in town.

The Judge looked puzzled.

menced as follows:

"Thar war eight o' us camped on Beaver Creek, a fork o' the Yellowstone, and a hardier set o' boys would be hard to find. Young Markhead war our leader, and he could hold enced as follows:

his own with any man that ever set trap for beaver.

"We had our traps all set, but beaver war best game of the month was that between the days' tramp, lookin' for 'sign.' This left me

and one Ned Harris, to stay at the camp, and look after the traps. "Wal, Ned and I got 'long all right, till the second day in the afternoon, when, as we war dressin' a deer, we heard a noise in the bushes, and an instant later, we saw a red-skin dodge

from one tree to another. "As quick as possible we seized our rifles, but before we could use them, a volley o' arrows came whistlin' round our heads, and Ned fell dead at my feet, with an arrow in his side. Then the varmints rushed into sight, giving regular yell. I shot the first one, then seizin' Ned's rifle, the second one went under. I saw, however, that thar war too many for one to fight, so I started to run, thinkin' that perhaps

"But I had not gone two steps, before I felt "Yes; he seemed quite positive about it. He said, though, that he remembered receiving a verbal message from you upon the same subject."

"Oh, yes, I remember all about it now!"

"After I waste blowned days and lay just out o' camp. I blowned days and lay just out o' camp. I blowned down, and lay just out o' camp. I suddenly had an idee that, if I could get into that log, I might defend myself till the boys returned. So I quickly made for it, and managed to crawl into it, before the red-skins

could do me further harm.
"I found ruther close quarters in that old log, but I managed to make it do; and every red-skin that came within range o' my rifle I

"For three hours I held my own, in spite o all the varmints could do, and they done every thing they could think of. After tryin' to drive me out, they would draw back inter the bushes, and all would be quiet for a spell. But in a short time they would rush out, and commence the fight, madder than ever. During one o' their restin' spells, I bound up my wound, so as to stop its bleedin'. It felt sore and pained me bad. But I knew it war about time for the boys to get back, so I resolved to hold out as long as possible.

"The red-skins had been quiet for half an hour, and I war a most tempted to think that they had really gone, when I thought that I tonishment.
Straight to the house of the old negro, Texas rode.
The door of the shanty was open and Texas rode up; he saw that both the old man and his me out! Then I felt that my time had come, and in a short time the red flends would be fin-

to jump out and fight to the last, ruther than to be burned to death.
"Oh, didn't the red varmints yell! when

they saw me come through the fire and smoke sprawlin' upon the ground, I scrambled to my feet as quick as possible, and as they rushed upon me, I gave the contents of my rifle full in the breast of the foremost savage. At ais moment I heard a loud shout in the woods

thought that you would believe in this southwestern notion of personal vengeance."

"Neither do I," Texas replied, slowly, "but
I own I have a strange curiosity to discover
who it is that has taken so much pains to baffle
who it is that has taken so much pains to baffle

"The boy, with the cunning of his race, had overheard the conversation between his grandwho it is that has taken so much pains to baffle

"October.

"I have a strange of them, and when the cowardly varmints saw that they war gettin' the worst o' it, they took to their heels, all that could; but more than half lay dead upon the ground. But I war the only one o' our gang

"October.

"Atlantics. Below we give the championship could, but I war the only one o' our gang

"October.

"That war the toughest fix I war ever in," he added, "and if the boys hadn't hurried up, when they saw the smoke, and heard the shouts of the red-skins, then old Max Hardy would have had to gone under. Wagh!

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

play was not up to the mark of that of May, not very plenty; so it war decided that Mark-Athletics and Bostons, played at Boston, June head, with five o' the boys, should go on a two 14th, the Athletics winning by 8 to 0 only, it being the first time the Bostons had been "Chicagoed" on their own grounds. A twelve-innings game was played June 3d in Brooklyn. on which occasion the Bostons defeated the Mutuals by 6 to 5. The same month the Atlantics "Chicagoed" the Resolutes by 10 to 0. The majority of games showed double figures for the winning nines, when fine fielding should have kept the winning nine's score down to 9

In July thirty-two championship games were played, and the majority of these were won by the Mutual nine. Up to July 30th the Philadelphians had sustained but two defeats and had won twenty-seven games. On the last day of July, however, after having been on a week's spree at Cape May, they sustained defeat at Boston at the hands of the Red Stockings in a poorly played game, and from that date fell off in their play remarkably. It might have been from sheer relaxing in their training, and from a lack of that harmonious play which had pre-viously marked their contests, and then again it might have been from a falling off in the earnest efforts to win. From whatever cause, however, the White Stockings' success culminated in July. Among the close contests of the month was that between the Baltimore and Athletic clubs played at Philadelphia, July 21st,

the game requiring thirteen innings to settle it, the Baltimores winning by 12 to 11. August did not witness over twenty games in the championship arena, as most of the clubs took things easy. The Bostons went on a practice tour through the States and Canadas, and strengthened their nine by adding a new player and placing another man at first base. They only played three championship games this month, of which they won two, the Phila-delphians losing three out of five played. The Baltimore nine were the most successful, as they did not lose a game in August and won four. Allison took Hicks' place in the Mutual nine in this month, and the change led to a marked improvement in the play of the Mutual nine. Hicks was disabled from a blow given him by Ferguson in a quarrel they had on the field, Hicks being charged with foul play by

September's record shows some of the finest played games of the season, one in particular being a contest unequaled in the annals of the game, it being the match played September 12th, in Brooklyn, between the Atlantic and Philadelphia nines, no less than fourteen innings' play being needed to settle the question, and then the Philadelphia nine only won by a score of 3 to 2. The Atlantics and Washingtons also played a fine fielding game together this month marked by a score of 4 to 2, the Atlantics like wise defeating the Athletics by 5 to 3. The most successful club of the month was the Bos ton nine, which nine, out of fourteen games in the arena lost but one. Next to them the Mutuals bore off the palm. The average play wa better than that of any month since May. The

total number of games played was thirty-three October, the last month of the championship season, saw the Boston nine win the champior Tasted the letter-scraps together, and so got a clue to the party that had taken the document I wanted."

"And you are after the party now?"

"And you are after the party now?"

"Yes; I called at the house on my way up and found that the man was in town."

"Well, good luck to you; though between you and me, Frank, I should never have

"And as Texas spoke he this moment I heard a folid shouth the woods, and the tramp of horses' feet as they doshed through the underbrush; and, almost the same play losing but five games out of thirty-two minnit, the sharp crack of half a dozen rifles burst upon the air, and as many red-skins bit the dust.

"Get it immediately?"

Jim Grow did not wait for a second command, but scrambled up the ladder in a dread-returned, just in season to save my life. The

The following is the record of games played in the championship arena during 1873 in which the winning score did not exceed nine

BASE BALL

This season of professional bull-playing for 1873, as far as the contests for the championship pennant are concerned, closed on Friday, October 31st. It began practically on the first of April, on which day the Philadelphia cubin nine played a game at Gloucester, near Philadelphia, with a field nine and won by a score of 21 to 10. The Athletic club began to play the next day at the same place they defeating a field nine by 52 to 7. On April 3d the Boston tons took the field for the first time, playing a field nine by 52 to 7. On April 3d the Boston tons took the field for the first time, playing the Harvard nine, the former winning by 12 to 5. On April 3d the Athletic and the Athletic and the Athletic contests were the Philadelphia on April 3d the Mary plouship contests were commenced April 14th, eo on which day the Washington nine played the Maryland nine at Baltimore and won by a score yor 24 to 3. From this time the season's play in the championship areas is to be dated.

During April nine championship games were played. The Philadelphia and the mach with Yale, the score being 11 to 10 only in favor of the professionals. The championship areas is to be dated.

During April nine championship games were played. The Philadelphia and Baltimore and Boston nines, the former over the Athletic and Eboston interes to the season's play.

The month of May witnessed thirty-three contests were the Philadelphia (plat witnessed) with the championship areas is to be dated.

During April nine championship games were played. The witnessed with a score of 5 to 4 only.

The month of May witnessed the professionals and washington at Washington at Washington and Was Oct. 24, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia

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THE ENDING YEAR.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

How meet that we, while ends the year, Should sit with aspect civil, Recalling all the good we've done— Forgetting all the evil.

What have I done? Let me see: I've lifted up the lowly— A man fell through a cellar-way; I pulled him out quite slowly.

To one poor starving family In charity I've given Nearly twenty dollars' worth of flour— For a cow worth forty-seven.

I got four men to sign the pledge From spirituous drinks abstaining, Unless the weather should be dry, Or else unless its raining.

I've kindly given good advice (Which no one hardly follows,) Worth, when the market's dull, at least A hundred thousand dollars.

And no one knows the time I've spent On the affairs of others, And never charged them one red dime: I deem all men my brothers.

I've done my best redressing wrongs-A man sold me bad butter; He drove down to the hospital Aboard a no-wheeled shutter.

And I released one human soul That long in bondage tarried, She said she rather would be free: (She'll very soon be married.) I've done my best to tell the truth,

A business rather trying,
Especially when truths laid down
Must be considered lying. I've fed the hungry by the score, (I'm partner in a Hash-house); I've clothed the naked and the poor, (I run a clothing cash-house.)

So taking all the year around, In spite of many a fetter, I think I've done as much real good As those who've done no better.

DICK DARLING,

The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

V. THE sun was sloping down toward the westward, and casting long, black shadows from the gigantic live-oaks that surrounded Fairfield's ranche, when a tall, wiry young fellow, on a bay horse, followed by a tawny bloodhound with black muzzle, rode toward the stockade gate from the direction of Yreka. Any mountain man would have recognized this rider as the well known Dick Darling, first Pony Express-Rider on the Overland Route, and now volunteer mail-carrier between Yreka and the Lava-Beds, where lurked the Modocs.

As Darling neared the ranche a pleased smile

lighted up his face, and he murmured to him-"They do not expect me; I shall give them a surprise; but nothing to what they will have soon. My innocent little girl, how we have blinded her to the truth! But now it will not

be long ere we— Holloa! what's this?"

As he spoke he reined up near the gate, and looked in surprise at the turf around the little spring under the live-oak. It was all torn up and trampled, as if by a struggle, a broken pitcher lay beside it, and the tracks of a horse at full speed led off into the prairie in the direction of the Lava-Beds.

rection of the Lava-Beds.

Dick Darling cast a hurried glance at the gate. It was wide open, and his dog ran in, and was questing about the yard. Not a human being was in sight around Fairfield's. Impatient and anxious, he rode in, calling out:

"Fairfield! Lotty! Sophy! Where are

Nothing answered him but the echoes. "By heavens!" he muttered, "there's Modoc craft in this, or I mistake. Some of Jack's band have been round here. How lucky I have

Hector with me. Then he rode hastily out of the deserted ranche, calling his dog; and soon stood by the scene of the late struggle. He spoke to the intelligent hound as if he was addressing a hu-

man being, saying:
"Hector, there's been trouble here. Some one has carried off your young mistress and her sister. Captain Fairfield's gone, and where I don't know. Find the fellow that carried off your mistress, boy. Seek him, Hector."

The great bloodhound looked up in his master's face with his head on one side, as if he

understood every word. Then he turned round and bustled about over the trampled turf, snuffing and whining, till, at length, he threw up his head, and uttered a long, mournful howl of peculiar tone.

'Indians; I thought so," said Darling, nodng. "Seek them, boy." Hector waved his tail slowly back and forth

and went off on the prairie at a long, swif lope, baying in low tones as he went, while Darling rode after him, rifle in hand.

Straight away from the setting sun he rode bending to the north-east, the direction of the dreaded Lava Beds, wherein lay concealed Captain Jack and his band of savage Modocs. It was also the only road which was as yet unoccupied by troops, the only way of exit left to the savages out of the net of danger which sur-rounded them. None knew better than Darling that he was going every moment deeper into

But, as he rode on, watching the dog, his thoughts were only absorbed by a single thought: "What had become of his friend Fairfield and his daughters?"

After half an hour's rapid riding, a clump of huge live-oaks looming up ahead, toward which the dog was making, announced that he was running his quarry to earth in all likelihood.

The young frontiersman cocked his rifle, increased his pace to a full gallop, and struck off on a circle so as to ride around the little grove. His experience told him that it most likely contained an enemy, and he did not wish to afford a skulking Modoc a chance of a cool shot.

The hound, separated from its master, kept on as straight as a die, dashed into the covert, baying loudly; and, a few moments after, out came three people at different points, all evidently roused by the dog.

Two of them were girls, mounted on a single horse. The third was an Indian warrior, coming out of the opposite side of the grove. With a cry of joy Darling galloped toward the Indian, just as the two girls headed their single horse for Fairfield's ranche.

In another moment the faithful Hector bounded out of the wood and sprung savagely at the Indian on the other side. Darling threw his reins over his horse's neck, and fired a rapid shot out of his Spencer rifle at the Modoc Like a flash, the other dropped over the side of his horse, swerved, and galloped away toward the very place whence the girls had emerged,

still followed by the hound.

But the borderer noticed as he passed that the Indian had no gun, and recognized him as one of the bravest of the Modocs, Shasta Jim

dashed after him, wasting no more useress shots, but striving to close.

Shasta Jim swept on at full speed to the very place whence the girls had come out, where he suddenly stooped down to the ground, and a moment later sprung in his saddle with a yell of triumph, waving in his right hand a rifle.

Too late Darling saw the trick. The rifle had been there, lying on the ground, whoever it belonged to, and Shasta Jim had picked it up. Now it was a fair fight.

The Modoc did not continue his flight far. He only galloped out into the prairie to a sufficient distance to secure what sailors call an "offing," then turned his horse, and began to near Darling.

Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in Both the antagonists rode at a slow canter in a left hand, each

a spiral, gradually contracting their diameter to approach each other on the left hand, each keeping his cocked rifle at a "ready," and

watching his opportunity.

Had there been no disturbing element in the contest, Darling would have fared badly; for Shasta Jim was accounted the best shot of his whole tribe. But one antagonist was there, destined to

bring the Modoc to an untimely end. It was the dog Hector, who, with almost human sagacity, now aided his master to some purpose.

White and red were within fifty paces of each other, both horses cantering smoothly and steadily, when Shasta Jim leveled his rifle. Hector, who had been galloping along by the near side of the Indian's horse, no longer giving tongue, sprung forward as the savage raised his piece. The dog uttered a startling bay, and seized Shasta by the leg. The rifle exploded harmlessly, and the bullet flew up to the sky as the Modoc, with a savage yell, turned on the

In the same instant Dick Darling struck in his spurs and galloped in, delivering a single shot, when the muzzle of his piece was within three feet of Shasta's body

three feet of Shasta's body.

With one last yell, the Modoc warrior threw up his arms and fell from his horse, as Hector let go his leg to seize him by the throat.

The riderless steed galloped away in terror, and the next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy. Shasta Jim was quite dead.

Little cared the captain; "a short life and a merry one!" was his motto. Reckless and overbearing, prompt to resort to the family "hair-triggers," at the slightest provocation, trusting to his reputation as a dead shot to bully and browbeat better men than himself, bully and browbeat better men than himself, Kelly had few friends and many enemies. But his courage was undoubted, and his many mad exploits gave him full right to his common appellation, "Bould" Captain Kelly, and in fact he rather gloried in the name.

"If I haven't the dirty gould," he would observe, with just the "laste" taste of the brogue possible, "there's not a man Jack of them all, from the Shannon to Galway, can come to the fore wid me when the spirit of a gintleman is concerned."

gintleman is concerned. And the captain was quite right there. Few men in the county cared to quarrel with "Bould Kelly," who could snuff a candle at fifty paces, and who would rather go out on the bogs on a frosty morning to settle an affair of honor than to shake a leg at the grandest

ball with a lady, galore, for a partner.

But the worst enemies the gallant captain had to encounter were the "low-bred thieves of the world," the butcher, the baker and the haberdasher. They required money in pay-ment of their little bills, and were not at all inclined to furnish supplies except for cash.

So in his dilemma, as his funds had run out, marry me.

At eight o'clock, O'Mara rose to depart, Viator would not go back to the city until he leading a prior engagement. pleading a prior engagement.

Kelly scowled; he guessed that the young

doctor was going to visit the heiress.

"Hold on a minit, Mister O'Mara!" Kelly exclaimed, with stately politeness, rising as he spoke; "drink a farewell toast wid me. Fill up, boys—bumpers. Here's long life and happiness to my wife, that is to be, Miss Cornelia

Flynn!" Everyone looked astonished at this vaunt except O'Mara. He only smiled, filled up his glass to the brim, and winking at the rest of

Cornelia Flynn, Mrs. Kelly that is to be—when he gets her!"

Every body expected an explosion; half of the company looked to see the bold Kelly empty his glass in the face of the young doctor, but, on the contrary, that usually hot-headed gentleman coolly placed his tumbler on the table and glared with a sinister leer at the doc-

"Maybe ye'd like to bet fifty pound that I won't marry the girl?"
"Double the money! I'll go ye a hundred that ye don't," replied O'Mara, promptly.
The bet was made and duly booked. O'Mara eft the room, and Kelly and O'Shane, after a

few more rounds of punch, followed.
"Are ye mad, Kelly, to risk a hundred pounds, and the chances ag'in ye?" O'Shane lemanded.

'Arrah now, hold ye whist!" Kelly exclaimdr. "Shure! it's a head I've got on my shoulders. The gurl won't have me of her own free will, I know; but, tare and ownds! it's not for nothing that they call me Bould Captain Kelly. For a guinea I've bribed old aunty Callahan to persued the college to come her heir addless. persuade the colleen to comb her hair and look in the glass to see her husband over her shoulder, at twelve this night. It's meself that she'll see, for I've arranged it so that wid a couple of rapparees from the hills, I shall be in the house; then she'll faint likely, or if she don't, I'll throw a cloak over her head and carry her off to Mount Callan. I'll have a father there, and when the morning comes it's glad she'll be to

the light of the jack.

At the Cape he found an old half-breed who had gone with him upon other expeditions and who hailed his return with rapture, but groaned in spirit when he knew that we could only spend one day with him, this season. As night comes on three boats are floating over a shallow upon the shore of the great lake, Ontario. Each boat is provided with a jack and a fishing-spear, modeled after the trident of fa-

ther Neptune. "It's proud I am to drink Captain Kelly's toast. Here's long life and happiness to Miss are the noblest of the lake fish—the salmon trout and salmon—the latter of which often reaches twenty pounds in weight. The jack is arranged so as to throw its light upon the water and not upon the shore, as in deer hunting. No one, who has not noted the effect of such a light in shallow water, can have any conception of the clearness with which every object upon the bottom of the lake or stream is

revealed. You can count the pebbles upon the bottom as you glide over them, magnified by the translucent medium beneath which they lie. The boats are propelled by paddles, for, as in hunting, quiet is requisite, and these lake men understand the paddle well. Many of them are guides at some portion of the year, though they prefer boating upon the St. Lawrence, as a rule

Harry Viator holds the spear in the bow of his boat and we who are not up to this sort of his boat and we who are not up to this sort of work watch him closely. From my place on the middle thwart, looking down into the water, I can see a great fish apparently within reach of my hand, but in reality six feet below the surface, moving his fins lazily as he creeps along over the pebbles. It is a salmon, the prince of the trout family, the reigning king of a noble house. Strange as it may seem, the light of the jack does not seem to frightem him in the least. Perh and he magines it is sunin the least. Perhaps he imagines it is sun-light, but whatever the reason may be, he lies idly upon the bottom, unconscious of the terri-ble danger which threatens him. Viator stands up in the boat with his foot planted upon the gunwale, the spear in his right hand, while the left slides easily up and down the handle. Viator, in his gallant attitude, looks like a picture of a sea-god of the old days.

The three-pronged spear, with its barbed points, is thrust suddenly into the water.

There is a wild commotion; the muscles upon the spearsman's arms rise like knotted cord, and after a desperate struggle, a salmon weighing fifteen pounds lies gasping in the bottom of

the boat. "Ah, ver' good, Mossu Vecator!" cried the half-breed. "Zat is ver' fine fish."
"He'll do, Lewie," said Viator, as the boat glided on. "Would you like to try for one, Scribbler!"

I knew that I could beat him at that game. so he took my place and I stood up with the fish-spear in my hand. I noticed a peculiar grin upon the faces of Lewie and Viator, but did not understand what it meant just then. I soon found out.

"Don't lean too far out of the boat when you strike," said Harry. "These boats are light, you know, and you are not exactly a baby weight. Look sharp now and you'll see a fish." I soon saw one, and to my excited fancy, he was at least five feet long. I don't think now, as I reflect in the light of reason, that he was quite as large, but he was big enough to make

Steady, old fellow!" whispered Harry. Look out, now, if you love me, for that is a

whopper." leaned over the side a little, as I had seen Harry do, and struck! Any one who knows the deceitful nature of water in such a light as this, and looking into it at an angle, may ima-gine the result. The points of the spear went into the sand about two feet from the fish, and yet I imagined that I had taken good sim.
The fish, as if caring nothing for the efforts of such a spearer as I, waved his fan-like tail in derision, and moved slowly away out of the circles of light. derision, and moved slowly away out of the circle of light. A quick sweep of Lewie's paddle again brought him into view, and Harry would have taken the spear from me, but I resisted.

"No, no, Viator. I'll fix him this time, sure!"

"Humph; I'll let you try once more, but I tell you it takes practice to handle a spear."

"Aha!" said Lewie, "ver' true, Mossu Veator. I give you ver' many lessing before you

tor. I give you ver many lessing before you succeed, eh?"

I was bound to have that fish, this time, and

when we came near enough, I struck with a vindictive force, which ought to have accomplished wonders, but failed to do so. I came to unspeakable grief, for when the spear arrived at the bottom of the lake, the fish was not there, and the spear went into a little bed of soft sand, to a depth of at least eighteen inches. I had leaned pretty well over to get a good blow, and finding it somewhat easier to go out of the boat than stay in it, I chose the easier course. I always did like the easier way, anynow, and so I went down to pull up the spear. As I went out of sight a burst of hyena laugh ter from both boats announced the fact that those fellows exulted in my fall; and Dan, the hero of "Spirit Lake" and "Mad Creek," was louder, more fiend-like in his laughter than an one else. Perhaps he remembered how he fel into the quicksand and I helped him out;

wouldn't do it again. They pulled me into the boat, a wetter and a wiser man. I at once resigned my commission, for I had no further desire to distinguish my self in spearing salmon, and sat dripping in the boat while Harry again took the spear, and in less than five minutes the giant fish which had caused my downfall was floundering in the bot tom of the boat, pierced through by the triple

In spite of my condition, and my inability t participate, it was grand sport. The moving lights, the figures of the spearsmen in the bows outlined against the sky, the men at the paddles and the strange glare cast upon the water by the jack, and the gloomy background of forest on the shore, combined to make a picture grand and beautiful.

I have since learned that unless you strike directly upon the back of the fish, it is next to impossible to hit one with a spear if you do no allow for the increased density of the medium through which you see it. I can strike a fish now, with some prospect of success, but at that

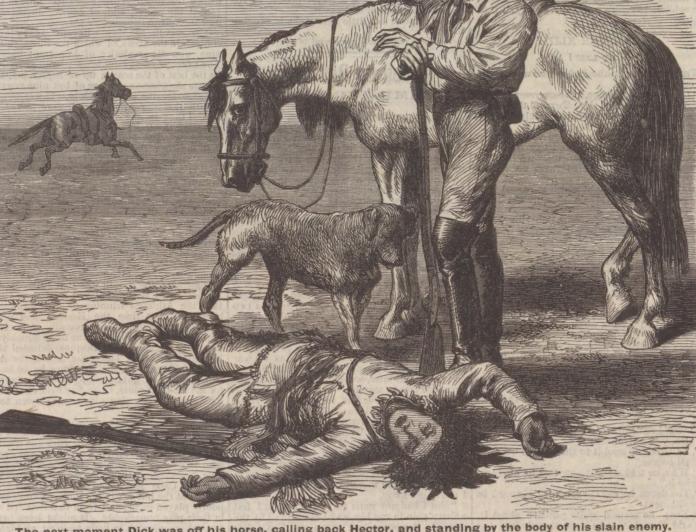
time am free to say that I was a failure.

"The sturgeon are jumping, Mossu Vecator," said Lewie, as we pulled back with a loaded boat. "Have ze rifle ready."

We entered the river, and I saw that giant

fish, the sturgeon, fling himself bodily from the water, and go down in the clear depths. Harry waited with his rifle at his shoulder until another broke the surface, when his rifle cracked, and five minutes later we were towing astern a fish weighing over one hundred pounds, and

over six feet long. Harry had made his last shot in our trip. An hour after we were aboard the steamer, heading for a lake port, seventy miles away. Our month of life in the woods was over, but we had many scalps, scars and trophies to show, and Dan will never quit referring in his local column to the amount of fun to be had in thir



The next moment Dick was off his horse, calling back Hector, and standing by the body of his slain enemy.

Then the young man looked up, and beheld the captain consulted his bosom friend, Tom two girls halted at a little distance, as if O'Sbane, the lawyer. the two girls halted at a little distance, as if

the two girls halted at a little distance, as if uncertain whether to stay or fly.

"Come on, young ladies," cried the young man; "the danger is past. This rascal will never insult you more."

Then, as if reassured, the two girls approached, and all was explained. Then Dick Darling learned, for the first time, that his friend Fairfield had gone out hunting that very morning; that in his absence Charlotte, the eldest sister, going to the spring for water, had eldest sister, going to the spring for water, had been seized and carried off by Shasta Jim; that the gentle, golden-haired Sophy had turned heroine, armed herself, and gone in search of her sister, just in time to save her from the Modoc's insults; that the sudden appearance of the hound had frightened them all, so that Sophy actually dropped her rifle as she sprung to her horse; that Shasta Jim had been unarmed save for a knife, and had fled from her fire arms. It thus became plain how the Indian must have been taken prisoner in some other place, from which he had escaped, unarmed, and had watched his opportunity when Sophy

dropped her rifle. Shasta's runaway horse was soon caught, and the three friends slowly rode back to Fairfield's ranche, talking over the occurrences of the day and blessing the Providence that brought to the rescue in the right moment, Dick Darling and

brave old Hector. (To be continued-Commenced in No. 1907)

Strange Stories.

BOULD CAPTAIN KELLY. An All-Hallow-Eve Story.

BY AGILE PENNE.

In the grand room of Widow Brady's inn. the Queen's Arms, in the town of Kilrush, by Shannon's sweet waters, on All-Hallow-Eve's night, in the year 1790, a gay and frisky party sat drinking.

There was Tom O'Shane, the lawyer, Ned y name.

O'Mara, the doctor—a decent lad—fat Phil
He could hardly understand the reason of Burke, the 'pothecary, three or four of the the other for following the two girls, but he gentry of the neighborhood, whose names are considerably.

O'Shane knew well enough that the captain's

estate was mortgaged up to the last farthing, for he himself had drawn up the deeds. One course alone remained.

"You must marry, Dick, me boy!" the lawyer exclaimed-"marry an heiress with the goulden guineas handy, and bring back the ranting, roaring times when the Kellys were a head and shoulders above any family in the

"But the gurl, Tom, acushla?" asked the captain, in doubt.

"Miss Cornelia Flynn of Limloop; she's worth a good five thousand pounds a year," the lawyer replied. "She's as plump and tinder as a spring chicken and as purty as the flowers in May!" Kelly adopted the counsel of O'Shane, and

at once proceeded to lay deliberate siege to Miss Flynn. But that young and attractive woman happened to have a will of her own and she was not very favorably impressed with rough, red-whiskered, fox-hunting, whiskydrinking Captain Kelly. Then, too, there was another suitor in the way, Ned O'Mara, the doctor-a quiet, decent

lad, though not overburdened with the good things of this life. He had been called in by Miss Flynn when her favorite lap-dog threaten ed to die of indigestion, and as under his skill-ful treatment the poodle had immediately recovered, Ned O'Mara had a very decided claim to the young lady's good opinion.

The Bould Captain soon perceived that the

"pill-maker," as he contemptuously termed the young doctor, had, in sporting parlance, the inside track, and he swore an oath, a yard ong at least, that he'd be "aven with the dirty So Kelly tried every means in his power to fix a quarrel upon O'Mara; insult him outright

he dared not, for he knew that such a course would certainly lose him the heiress. But O'-Mara understood the captain's game as well as he did himself, and was most provokingly deaf to all the covert insinuations of his rival. So matters stood on All-Hallow-Eve night.

It was quite early in the evening, but the huge bowl of whisky-punch, which had been brewed in honor of the occasion, had suffered

"Look out, Kelly, if ye fail; it's for abduction they'll hold ye," O'Shane remarked, shaking his head, gravely. Kelly laughed.

"I invite ye to dine wid me and Mrs. Kelly week from to-day!" he exclaimed, tauntingly. And so the two parted, O'Shane half inclin-ed to believe that Kelly was joking, and the bold captain to execute his audacious scheme At just twelve o'clock that night, pretty Miss Flynn stood combing her blue-black locks before the mirror in her chamber. Then she pronounced the mystic charm:

"Over my shoulder the rape seed I sow, And my husband must come, whether or no." And then in the mirror she saw Kelly's red whiskers reflected.

A single scream she gave, Kelly and his ruffians darted forward, but before they could lay hands on the girl, Ned O'Mara and a half a dozen stout lads, armed with twigs of black thorn, burst into the room.

The old woman had tricked the "bould" captain, and warned O'Mara that mischief was

Pretending not to recognize Kelly, but to mistake him for a thief, the lads gave him such a beating that he hadn't a whole bone in his body, and then they consigned him to the jail.

When he got out he fled from County Clare forever. Bullets he could face, but ridicule was too much for "bould Captain Kelly."

Rod and Rifle.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

X.—SPEARING SALMON.

A GLORIOUS month we spent in the wilderness, passing from lake to lake, drawing the spotted trout from his haunt in the shaded pools, hunting the deer by the light of the glowing jack, or "stalking" upon the mountain-sides. If we were not skillful hunters we were lucky ones, and with such guides could not fail to do good work. Not a chance was thrown away; and when at last we came out of the wilderness, a few miles from Malone, and headed for the St. Lawrence, we were bronzed like Indians and could destroy a fear-ful amount of grub. Were we satisfied? No; New York.